THE WYANDOTT MISSION

JAMES B. FINLEY

BIBLIOTHECA MISSIONVM

21 g

SOCIETATIS
VERBI DIVINI

TECHNY, ILL.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_C0-AXH-448

SELECTED CHAPTERS

FROM

The History of

The Wyandott Mission

AT

Upper Sandusky, Ohio

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

By Rev. James B. Finley

WITHDRAWN

Edited By

R. T. Stevenson

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

CINCINNATI NEW YORK

23414

Copyright, 1916, by
R. T. Stevenson.

INTRODUCTION.

For a full appreciation of the worth of the centenary of the Wyandott Mission it will be necessary to know not only something of the father of the original mission, John Stewart, but also of its developer and earliest historian, the Rev. James Bradley Finley. In pursuance of this aim it was ordered by the Book Committee at a recent meeting that such a statement should be set forth by the undersigned.

It was first determined to present the whole story of the planting of the Mission by reissuing the complete volume, published by Finley in 1840, but upon hearing that the original plates were no longer to be found, and too great expense would follow from re-publishing the complete original volume, 432 pages, the writer of this introduction determined to offer selected chapters of the old classic in missions, and so discharge the obligation, in part at least, of offering a memorial volume suitable for the centenary.

The recital of the life and work of John Stewart cannot better be given than in the words of Finley which fill the early pages of this memorial volume; and as none knew better than the masterful Finley

how to portray the character of Stewart, I have not presumed to add any words of my own to the brief story which appears in its place herein.

James Bradley Finley's name stands high on the roll of the heroes of early Methodism in Ohio, if not at the top of the list. He was the son of a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who was thoroughly educated at Princeton College, graduating thence after seven years of study in collegiate and theological courses. He was licensed as a Presbyterian preacher and sent as a missionary to Georgia. In the course of the years he emigrated to Kentucky. The spirit of the teacher as well as that of the missionary burned in his heart, and he opened a school for young preachers in 1788. Twenty years later he joined the ranks of the Methodist itinerancy, and by 1812 we find him a member of the Ohio Conference. His death coincided with the year his son James published his "Wyandott Mission."

Let it not be forgotten by those who set store by the first mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church that it stands for a double idea and purpose—first, that of evangelism; second, that of education. For it was James Finley, well trained by his father, who gave standing and a sure future to the primitive start of Stewart; and then his brother, John, who, when it was planned to organize Augusta College in Augusta, Kentucky, in 1822, the first

college of Methodism to grant diplomas, was appointed the first member of a faculty which afterward included such men as Tomlinson, Durbin, and Bascom.

Is it a far cry from Princeton to Upper Sandusky? It all depends. The return stroke of the shuttle is easily followed when it is noted that one of the founders of Ohio Wesleyan University, Rev. Charles Elliott, the distinguished schoolmate of the scholar-archbishop Whateley, at Dublin, came to America, found his way to the wildwoods of Ohio, was sent to Upper Sandusky the time when John Finley was appointed to Augusta College. Twenty years later Dr. Elliott led in the planting of Ohio Wesleyan. Thus has Methodism kept in touch with the double flame—that of the desk and that of the altar.

But let us not lose the thread. J. B. Finley came to Highland County, Ohio, in 1801. His conversion at a camp-meeting in Kentucky soon followed, and in 1809 we find him at work in the Western Conference, where for six years or more he flamed as an evangelist and organizer with mighty proofs of divine sanction. When the news of the great revival at Upper Sandusky reached the Conference, the one man deemed worthy to take charge, enlarge its borders, and secure the results of early devotion was the son of the Princeton scholar-revivalist, and the name of J. B. Finley

will forever walk with that of Stewart, the father of the Wyandott Mission.

A brief quotation from the Macaulay of Methodism, Dr. Abel Stevens, gives us a living picture of Finley: "Few men have attained more distinction as evangelical pioneers of the West; he was, in all respects, a genuine child of the wilderness, one of its best typical men, of stalwart frame, features rather coarse, but with large, benevolent eyes, sandy hair, standing erect, a good expressive mouth, a voice like thunder, and a courage that made riotous opposers (whom he often encountered) quail before him. He did not hesitate to seize disturbers of his meetings, shake them in his athletic grasp, and pitch them out of the windows or doors. Withal, his heart was most genial, his discourses full of pathos, and his friendships the most tender and lasting." Finley died, September 6, 1856, in Cincinnati, Ohio. His fame as a preacher, as a man of indomitable courage, which led the Indians to respect him; as a friend of men, which led them to trust and love him as few white men have been loved by Indians—these all abide more lasting than bronze.

Old Summundewat, one of the chiefs of the tribe, is described by Finley as greatly stirred by meeting a traveling preacher in the woods, so much so that he could not hunt. "I go hunt. All day I cry, and see no deer jump up and run away. Then

I go and pray by some log. My heart so full of joy, that I cannot walk much. I say, 'I cannot hunt.' Sometimes I sing, then I stop and clap my hands, and look up to God, my heavenly Father. Then the love come so fast in my heart I can scarcely stand. So I went home and said, 'This is my happiest day.' "

In 1843 the United States Government removed the Wyandott tribe to Kansas. Of the seven hundred, one half were members of the Mission Church. The devout traveler who enters with reverent tread the quiet graveyard and reads the names on stone and wall, of Stewart, Between-the-logs, Mononcue, Sum-mund-e-wat, and others, must be of strange texture if he does not feel the "love come so fast" that all utterance is barred. In the old church, and its yard holding the dust of Stewart's audience of red hunters, miracled by divine grace into docility, Methodism possesses more than the Crusaders, who, when battle raged, cast the heart of Bruce far out to the front, then followed and fought for it. May this centenary find our host newly inspired for advance!

R. T. Stevenson.

Ohio Wesleyan University,
September 1, 1916.

History of the Wyandott Mission.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction of the Gospel among the Wyandotts—Their degraded condition before this—Their reception of the Roman Catholic religion—Its bad effects on their minds and lives—John Stewart—His conversion—Is impressed to preach to the Indians—Leaves Marietta for this purpose—Comes to Goshen, on the Tuscarawas—Then to the Delawares at Pipetown—Adventures there—Comes to Upper Sandusky—Kindly received by the Walkers—Interview with Jonathan Pointer, who discourages him in his undertaking—First preaching of Stewart among the Wyandotts—Decision of Mr. Walker respecting the Protestant and Catholic Bibles—Stewart departs for Marietta—Robert Armstrong—Visits of local preachers to the Wyandotts—They are recognized by the Ohio Conference as a missionary station—Rev. James Montgomery appointed missionary—Leaves the station, and becomes sub-agent at Lower Sandusky—Moses Henkle, Sen., supplies his place—First Indian quarterly meeting held at Ebenezer Zane's, November 19th, 1819—Interesting exercise of the meeting—Experience of Between-the-logs—Of Hicks—Of Scuteash—Mononcue's exhortation, and his remarks on whisky—Between-the-logs describes their ancient religion, that of the Roman Catholic, and the Seneca and Shawnee prophets—The Wyandott mission peculiarly blessed—Religion alone truly civilizes savage men—The author persuades them to have a school, and adopt the habits of civilized life—Address of the nation, dated August 7th,

1821, to the conference held at Lebanon—Dangerous voyage to Detroit—The bark canoe—Quarterly meeting at Detroit—Voyage to Portland—Journey to Lower Sandusky—An Indian poney.

The Wyandott nation being on the borders of the white population, and mixing with the most abandoned and vicious, soon became sunk in the most degrading vices, such as drunkenness, lewdness and gambling, until many of them became the most degraded and worthless of their race.

The Wyandotts had been under the religious instruction of the *Roman Catholics* for many years. But it appears, both from their morals and from the declarations of many who professed to be Catholics, that they did them little or no good. To carry a silver cross, and to count a string of beads; to worship the Virgin Mary; to go to church and hear mass said in Latin; and be taught to believe that for a beaver skin, or its value, they could have all their sins pardoned, were the amount of their Christianity, and served but to encourage them in their superstition and vice.

In this situation, God in mercy remembered and took pity on them, and sent them the word of eternal life. Not by the learned missionary, but by John Stewart, a colored man of no learning, "that the excellency might be of God, and not of man." John Stewart was a mulatto, free born, whose parents claimed to be mixed with Indian blood;

but he could not tell of what tribe, or what was their relation to the Indians. His parents were of the Baptist persuasion, and he had a brother that was a preacher of that order. He was born in Powhatan county, in the state of Virginia. He became disabled in early life. His parents moved to the state of Tennessee, and left him behind. Sometime after he followed them; and on his way to Marietta, Ohio, was robbed of all his property. In that place, where he took up his abode, he gave full scope to his intemperance, until he was so far gone, and his nerves were so affected by it, that he could scarcely feed himself. At length he came to the resolution to put an end to his miserable existence, by drowning himself in the river. He told me that the loss of his property, the idea of poverty, and the disgrace he had brought on himself by his course of dissipation, and the wretched state of his soul, had impelled him to this course. The tavern-keeper with whom he lived, refused to let him have liquor as before, so that he had time to become sober, and his mind was in some degree restored to the exercise of reason. Then he asked himself, "Would not my parents be better pleased to hear that I was poor, and honestly trying to make a living, than to hear that I had committed suicide?" And he then determined that he would do better; and undertook to attend a sugar camp at some distance from town, which gave him an opportunity to reflect and pray.

At this place he remained, by himself principally, through the sugar season. But the more he read, reflected and prayed, the more he was convicted of his sins; and by a constant struggle of soul, he at length found peace and pardon. But on his return to town he could not resist the influence of his wicked companions, and was soon prevailed on to attend a dance, at which the struggles of his mind were powerful—so much so, that he was sometimes almost constrained to cry aloud. But at last, his mind became more hard, and he comforted himself with the reflection, that once in grace he could not fall from it; and so resumed his course of folly. But one of his comrades dying suddenly, it alarmed his guilty fears, and his convictions all returned, so that he was often constrained to cry out, "O wretched man that I am."

Stewart, from the influence of his education, had imbibed a deep-rooted prejudice against other denominations, and especially the Methodists. But one evening, passing along the street, he heard in a house the voice of singing and prayer. It was a Methodist prayer meeting. He drew near, and after some struggle of soul, he ventured in, and made known his state. With these he frequently met. At length he was induced to go to a camp meeting, held by the late Rev. Marcus Lindsey, near Marietta; and there he approached the mourner's altar, and after struggling all night, in

the morning God was pleased to show mercy to his soul. His joy was unspeakable; and there he united himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and met in class in Marietta. Stewart now rented a house, and set up his trade, (blue dyeing,) and lived alone.

Soon after he had experienced religion, his mind became much exercised about preaching, which he concluded was a temptation of the devil; and continued to think so, until he again lost the comforts of religion.

He was visited in the fall of 1814 with a severe attack of sickness, from which no one expected he would recover. But he prayed to God, and promised if he was spared, that he would obey the call. Soon after this, he went into the fields to pray. "It seemed to me," said he, "that I heard a voice, like the voice of a woman praising God; and then another, as the voice of a man, saying to me, 'You must declare my counsel faithfully.' These voices ran through me powerfully. They seemed to come from a northwest direction. I soon found myself standing on my feet, and speaking as if I were addressing a congregation. This circumstance made a strong impression on my mind, and seemed an indication to me that the Lord had called me to warn sinners to flee the wrath to come. But I felt myself so poor and ignorant, that I feared much to make any attempt, though I was continually drawn

to travel toward the course from whence the voices seemed to come. I at length concluded, that if God would enable me to pay my debts, which I had contracted in the days of my wickedness and folly, I would go. This I was enabled soon to do; and I accordingly took my knapsack, and set off to the northwest, not knowing whither I was to go. When I set off, my soul was very happy, and I steered my course, sometimes in the road, and sometimes through the woods, until I came to Goshen, on the Tuscarawas river. This was the old Moravian establishment among the Delawares. The Rev. Mr. Mortimore was then its pastor." Here Stewart found a few of the Delawares, among whom was old Kilbuck and his family. Here he remained a few days, and was kindly treated by all. It was here no doubt that Stewart learned something of the Indians farther to the north; for these Delawares had many friends and relations that lived on a reservation on the Sandusky river, called *Pipetown*, after the chief who lived there; and to this place he directed his course.

Here was a remnant of poor Delawares, under the control of Capt. Pipe, son of the chief of the same name that assisted in burning Crawford on the Tyamochte. At this place Stewart stopped; and as the Indians were preparing for a great dance, they paid but little attention to the stranger. They proceeded with their mirth, which was all

new to Stewart; and such were their vociferations and actions that they alarmed him, and he felt fear for a short time. After all was over they became quiet, and Stewart took out his hymn book, and began to sing. He was one of the most melodious singers I ever heard. The company were charmed and awed into perfect silence. When he ceased, *Johnny-cake* said in broken English, "*Sing more.*" He then asked if there was any person that could interpret for him; when old Lyons, who called himself one hundred and sixty years old, (for he counted the summer a year and winter a year,) came forward. Stewart gave them an exhortation, and then retired to rest for the night. In the morning he felt some strong desires to return to Marietta, and from thence to Tennessee, where his father and mother had removed. But so strong were his impressions that he had not yet reached the right place, though he was invited by the Delawares to stay, that he took his departure, and arrived at the house of William Walker, Sen., at Upper Sandusky, who was the United States Indian sub-agent and interpreter.

At first Mr. Walker suspected him to be a runaway slave; but Stewart gave him a history of his conversion to God and of his travails in godliness, in so simple and honest a manner, that it removed all his doubts on the subject. This narrative fastened on the mind of Mrs. Walker, who was a most

amiable woman, of good education, and half Wyandott. She possessed great influence in the nation; and this whole family became his hospitable friends, and the untiring friends to the mission which was afterwards established there. The old gentleman, his wife, and his sons, were all good interpreters, spoke the Indian tongue fluently, and all, except old Mr. Walker, became members of the church.

Stewart was directed by this family to a colored man, whose name was Jonathan Pointer. He was taken prisoner from Point Pleasant, Virginia, when a little boy. He and his master were plowing and hoeing corn, when the Indians came upon them. They shot his master and caught Jonathan, and took him home with them. This man was said by the chiefs to speak the language as well as any of the natives. Stewart called on him at his hut, and made known his wishes; but Jonathan was very reluctant, indeed, to interpret for him, or to introduce him as a preacher. He told Stewart that "it was great folly for him, a poor colored man, to pretend to turn these Indians from their old religion to a new one; for many great and learned white men had been there before him, and used all their power, but could accomplish nothing; and he could not expect they would listen to him." But Stewart believed that God had sent him, and though of himself he could not do any thing, God could work by

him, and he was unwilling to give over until he had made a trial.

The next day Jonathan was going to a feast and dance, and Stewart desired to go along, to which the other reluctantly consented. Stewart got him to introduce him to the chiefs as a friend to their souls; when he gave them an exhortation and sung a hymn or two, and requested all that were willing to hear him next day at Jonathan's house, to come forward and give him their hand. This the most of them did. But he was much disappointed the next day, for none of them came, save an old woman, to whom he preached. This woman was the mother of James Harrihoot. The next day was again appointed to hold meeting at the same place. The same old woman, and an old man named *Big-tree*, were present. To these Stewart again preached; and he has since told me, that what much encouraged him to persevere, was that he had seen both these old persons in a dream, and knew them well when they came into the house. The next day being the Sabbath, he appointed to meet in the council house; at which place eight or ten came, and he, by Jonathan Pointer as interpreter, exhorted them to flee the wrath to come.

From this time, his congregations began to increase; and I presume that nothing contributed more to increase them, and keep them up for awhile, than his singing. This very much delighted

the Indians, as no people are fonder of music than they are; and Stewart, availing himself thereof, mixed his prayers and exhortations with songs.

Many of these people had been Catholics, and they began to call up their old Catholic songs, and sing them, and to pray. Through this means, some of them got stirred up, and awakened to see their lost condition; and soon found peace with God. Stewart thought it to be his duty when they called to the Virgin Mary, and used their beads and crosses in prayer, to tell them that it was wrong. He also spoke against the foolishness of their feasts and dances, and against their witchcraft.

These reproofs soon excited prejudice against him. Many that had joined in their worship went away, and persecuted, and did all the harm they could. Some of that party having business at Detroit, called upon the Roman priest and related what was going on, and wished for instruction. The priest told them, "that none had the true word of God, or Bible, but the Catholics; and that none but the Catholic priests could teach them the true and right way to heaven; and if they died out of the Catholic church they must perish for ever; that they could not be saved in any other way, but must be lost for ever." They came home in high spirits, and soon it was reported through every family, that Stewart had not the right Bible, and was leading them all wrong. Some charged him with having a

false Bible; but how this was to be tested was the difficulty. Finally, they all agreed to leave it to Mr. Walker, Sen. The time was set when the parties were to meet, and he was publicly to examine Stewart's Bible and hymn book. The parties came together at the time appointed. Deep interest was felt on both sides, and all waited in solemn suspense. After some time had been spent in the examination, Mr. Walker said that Stewart's Bible was a true one, and differed from the Catholic Bible only in this: the one was printed in English, and the other in Latin. He affirmed that his hymn book was a good one, and that the hymns it contained were well calculated to be sung in the worship of God. This decision was received with joy by the religious party, and sunk the spirits of the other.

But I am strongly inclined to believe, from good evidence, that none were so influential in putting down the superstitions of the Catholics, as old sister Walker. She was no ordinary woman. Her mind was well enlightened; and she could expose the folly of their superstitions better than any one in the nation. As she stood so high in the estimation of all, her words had more weight than any one else.

Stewart continued to labor amongst these Indians from November, 1816, until early the next spring. Through the course of this winter there was great religious interest awakened amongst the

people. The interpreter, Pointer, professed to obtain religion; which proved a great auxiliary to Stewart. Pointer told me himself, that when Stewart first came, he did not like him, because he was too religious, and he hoped he would soon go away; that he wanted a religion that did not fit so close, but give him leave to indulge in sin; and when he interpreted, he would say, "These are not my words but his," (meaning Stewart's.) He now entered fully into the work with Stewart.

At a meeting this winter, he took occasion to expose their heathen religion, and the absurdities of their feasts and dances; and added, that instead of these things being pleasing to God, they were, on the contrary, displeasing to him; and that although in the days of their darkness and ignorance, God winked at or passed over them, yet now called on all to repent and forsake these evil ways, for the Gospel had now reached them, so that they could understand it and see its light.

At the close of this discourse, he informed the congregation, that if those present had any objections to his doctrines, they were at liberty to speak. John Hicks, one of the chiefs, arose and said, "My friend, as you have given liberty to any who has objections to the doctrines you teach, to speak on the subject and state their objections, I, for one, feel myself called on to arise in the defense of the religion of my fathers. The Great Spirit has given

his red children a religion to guide their feet, and to establish them in the good way, and we do not feel like leaving it so soon as you wish us to do. We have been deceived several times by the Seneca and Shawnee prophets, and had to return to our old religion, and find it the best of any for us. We are contented with it; because it suits our conditions, and is adapted to our capacities. Cast your eyes over the world, and you will see that the Great Spirit has given to every nation a religion suited to their condition; and these all differ. Is not this the work of the Great Spirit? My friend, your speaking so violently against our modes of worship is not calculated to do us much good. We are willing to receive good advice from you, but we are not willing to have the religion and customs of our fathers thus assailed and abused."

When this speaker sat down, Mononcue, another of the chiefs, arose and wished to correct a mistake in the speaker, which was, that "the book he held, and all its doctrines, were sent to another place, and another people, and could have nothing to do with us; that the Son of God was born amongst the white people, and we never heard of him until the whites brought the word; and if they had never come, we would never have heard of him; to the whites only he spoke, and left his word with them, and not with us; no book has been given to us. If the Great Spirit had designed us to be governed

by this book, he would have sent it to us. Ours is a religion that suits us red people, and we intend to preserve it as sacred as when the Great Spirit gave it to our grand-fathers in olden days."

Stewart replied, "God has sent this book to you *now*. The Son of God, before he went up to heaven, commanded his ministers to go and carry and preach that book to every nation on the whole earth; and you count yourselves a nation of living souls. Although it has taken this book a long time to come, yet it *has come*, as God has directed it; and it will go on until it has reached all the world, and all nations, and colors and languages of men; none can stop it. Now, my dear friends, only consider what an awful curse will fall on those that reject it. My friends, think well before you reject the Savior, and the great salvation he offers you; for whosoever will reject the Savior will be destroyed with an everlasting destruction." This exhortation had a good effect on the minds of these two chiefs; for afterwards Mononcue said to his friend Hicks, "I have some notion of giving up some of my Indian customs; but I cannot agree to quit painting my face. This would be wrong, as it would jeopard my health." It is a received opinion among them, that painting the face has a magic influence in preserving their health, and saving them from diseases. Hicks replied, "You can do as you please. I feel strange, and hardly know what to do."

Sometime in February, 1817, the work of God broke out afresh; and at one of their meetings, after Stewart had preached on the final judgment, the whole assembly was absorbed in serious thought. They met at candlelight; at which time, after exhortation, he called up the mourners; when a few came forward, principally women. They had not long been engaged in prayer, before the power of God was manifested, and many of the lookers on were struck down to the ground, and cried aloud for mercy; others lay stiff and motionless. Some were ready to attribute this work to strong medicine, used by Stewart for the purpose of producing the present effect. Some ran for water; others called to Jonathan to stop singing those new hymns, and sing the Catholic hymns, or they would die: about which time, a very aged woman got religion, sprang up, and began to shout and clap her hands, proclaiming that God had forgiven all her sins, and that what the preacher had said was true. Seeing her act in this way, they concluded she was in a state of mental derangement. Many sat as silent spectators, in utter amazement.

After this, the heathen party were determined to make an effort to keep up their religion; and a council was held, and a dance and feast appointed, to show the preacher how they worshiped the Great Spirit. Great preparations were made. The young men turned out to hunt and provide for the

feast, and returned loaded with venison and bear meat. On the day appointed, a large concourse of people assembled, old and young, male and female, with Stewart and Jonathan, who now had become his constant interpreter and helper in this work. The chief arose, and made the preparatory speech; then the dance began. The music was the Indian flute, and the hoarse sound of the turtle shell. One after another joined in; and what was a matter of astonishment to Stewart, some of his mourners, who he considered had renounced the world, were amongst the dancers. This was a scene of great hilarity; and was concluded in the finest kind of Indian style. Soon after this, Stewart concluded he would leave them, and go to his friends in Tennessee; and after delivering them a farewell sermon, in which he addressed those that had made a profession of religion, and exhorted them to be faithful, he advised the chiefs and principal men. This was a season of much feeling; as was evidenced by the tears and sobs of the congregation. He then sang a farewell hymn and shook hands with all; when he proceeded to the door and went out. Some followed him, and requested a private interview; which was granted. They labored with him to abandon his journey, and remain with them. But he told them that he was under promise to go to Marietta, if he even had to return again, and which he promised he would do; but said that he was

poor, and would have to stop at the first town he came to, and work for something to bear his expenses, and he could not promise to come back before July or August. Sister Warpole spoke of making a collection for him; and ten dollars were given him for the purpose of bearing his expenses.

Sometime after Stewart left Sandusky, some one set afloat a report that his master from Virginia, had come and loaded him with irons, and had taken him back as a slave. Some gave credit to the report, and others did not.

Sometime in June following, Mr. Walker received a letter from him, in which was a written address to the Indians; which he requested should be read and interpreted to them; which request Mr. Walker very readily complied with. The letter is as follows:

"*Marietta, O., May* 25, 1817.

"WILLIAM WALKER, ESQ.—Sir, I have taken the liberty of inclosing to your care the within written address, directed to the Wyandott nation, for their information and edification, hoping that it will, through the blessing of God, impress on their minds, religious and moral sentiments. I have taken the liberty to address it to you, hoping that you will have the goodness to read it, or cause it to be read in their hearing, and in their own language, that they may understand its true meaning; and more-

over, that you will try to impress on their minds the necessity of adhering strictly to the laws of God—that their hearts should be constantly set upon the Supreme Being who created them; and that it is their duty to raise their voices in praising, adoring, and loving that *Jesus*, who has suffered and died for them, as well as for those who are more enlightened. Inform them that although their brother is far from them in body, yet his anxiety for their safety and future happiness is very great. In doing this, you will confer a favor upon me, which I shall ever remember with gratitude. My engagements, you no doubt recollect, were, that I should return about the last week in June; but owing to misfortunes and disappointments, to which we are all liable, together with a wound I accidentally received on my leg, will prevent my having the pleasure of seeing or being with you until the middle of July; at which time, I hope, by the grace of God, to have the pleasure of seeing you and the Wyandott people generally. At that time I shall not fail to offer verbally, my gratitude to you and your dear family, for the services you and they have rendered me.

"May I ask you to have the goodness to write to me? and please inform me of the general state of those persons that have reformed since I first went among them, and how many have evidenced a change since I came away, and whether they con-

tinue to conduct themselves with that sincerity of heart, that would be acceptable in the eyes of God; finally, whether they appear as anxious for my return, as they appeared to be for my stay when I was coming away. In attending to these requests of mine, you will confer an obligation which will be ever remembered, with every mark of gratitude and respect.

"I remain your humble servant; and in every instance, sincerely hope, not only to meet with your approbation, but that also of my God.

"JOHN STEWART."

The following is the address which accompanied the preceding letter:

"MY DEAR AND BELOVED FRIENDS—I, your brother traveler to eternity, by the grace and mercy of God, am blessed with this opportunity of writing to you; although I be far distant from you in body, yet my mind is oft times upon you. I pray you to be watchful that the enemy of souls do not insnare you; pray to the Lord both day and night with a sincere heart, and he will uphold you in all your trials and troubles. The words that I shall take as a standard to try to encourage you from, may be found in the 5th chapter of Matthew, 6th verse: 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' These words

were spoken by our Savior, Jesus Christ, and they are firm and sure; for his words are more firm than the heavens or the earth. Likewise the promise appears to be permanent; it does not say it may be, or perhaps, so as to leave it doubtful; but, 'they *shall* be filled.' This man, Jesus Christ, spake like one who possessed power to fill and satisfy the hungering soul; and we have no reason to dispute his ability to do so, knowing that he made all things that are made, and made man for his service; then we are bound to believe that he is a being of all power, able to fulfill all his promises to all mankind. Though he made us for his service, we have all gone astray into the forbidden paths of sin and folly; therefore the promise appears to be held out to a particular class of people, who, happy are they, if they find themselves in this hungering and thirsting after the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the first place, my friends, I shall endeavor to show you who it is that this gracious promise is made to, or how it is that we have a right to this promise. According to the light the Lord has given me, it is not him that is living in open rebellion against God, and going contrary to his commands—that closes his eyes against the light—that is barring the door of his heart against the strivings of the blessed Spirit that is continually admonishing him to forsake the ways of sin, and turn and seek the salvation of his soul;

it is that man or woman who has called upon that God that hears sinners pray, and who will have mercy upon such as will call upon him with sincerity of heart, really desiring to receive and believing that he is able to give you. The Lord, by his goodness, will begin to take off the vail that the enemy has vailed you with; then you begin to see how you have strayed from the right way: this causes the sinner to be more and more engaged. This good and great Savior, who sees and knows the secrets of every heart, seeing the poor soul willing to forsake the service of the devil, moves nearer and nearer to the sinner—his glorious light shines into his heart, he gives him to see the amount of crime that he has committed against the blessed Savior who hung on the tree for the sins of the world; this makes him mourn and grieve over his sins, and calling on the mighty Savior, as his last, his best refuge, for help. Finding that there is no help in and of himself, seeing that all he has done is nothing, this causes the soul to try to make his last prayer, crying, 'Lord, save or I perish; thou wouldst be just in sending me to destruction, but Lord save for Christ's sake. Lord, I have done all I can do; take me, do thy will with me, for thou knowest better what to do with me than I can desire.' This blessed Savior shows his face with ten thousand smiles—lays his hand to the work—breaks the snares of sin—unlooses him from the

fetters and chains of unbelief—sets the soul at liberty—puts a new song in his mouth—makes the soul rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; it is then he desires to go to his friend who has done so much for him, and leave this troublesome world; but the soul has to stay until it has done its duty on earth, which will not be long. After a few more rolling suns of this life, the tempter begins to tempt him; the world, the flesh and the devil all unite, the poor soul begins to mourn and grieve, because he cannot do as he would wish; when he would do good, evil is present; then it is the soul begins to hunger and thirst after righteousness. My friends, be glad and rejoice in the Lord, for this promise is to you and to all mankind; yes, they shall be filled with water issuing from the throne of God. O, my friends, pray to God to give you a hungering and thirsting after righteousness! seek for it and you shall find it, for you shall reap in due season, if you faint not. If you persevere in the way of well doing, you will find in your path clusters of sweet fruits, that will satisfy your hungering souls; and being faithful to your Lord's commands, when you have made your way through much tribulation, and lie down on your dying bed, you will be filled with the glorious prospect of the reward that awaits you. Guardian angels will wait around your bed, to bear your soul away to those bright worlds of everlasting day,

where the friend of poor sinners reigns. This fills the soul with the sweets of love divine; this, methinks, will make the dying bed of the man or woman, 'soft as downy pillows are.' Therefore, my friends, if you hold out faithful, you will have part in the first resurrection; then it will be that you will see your Lord and Master face to face; then it will be that you will hear that blessed sentence, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Then shall you sit down with the people of God in that kingdom, where your Savior, with his soft hand, will wipe all tears from your eyes. There you shall see and be with him, and praise him to all eternity.

"Having, after a broken and imperfect manner, my friends, shown you the characters of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, I shall endeavor to say a few words to that class of people, who I, in the foregoing part of my discourse, said had no part in the promise. A few words of consolation to the sinner; that is, the Lord is willing to save all who will call upon him with a sincere heart, at the same time having determined to forsake all sin, and seek the salvation of their souls. Now, my friends, you who have been at war against this great friend of sinners, now turn, for behold now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation. Take into consideration, realize how

long the Lord has spared your lives, and all this time you have been resisting his holy and blessed Spirit—this Spirit the Lord has sent to warn you, and entreat you to turn to the Lord. But O! my friends, how often have you thrust that good Spirit away, and forced it to depart from you! Let me inform you, if you continue to resist this good Spirit, it will after awhile leave you, never more to return; for God hath said, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' Therefore, my friends, though you have caused the Spirit to go away grieved, now begin to encourage and attend to its admonitions; he that receives it and obeys its directions, receives *Christ*, and at the same time receives God the Father. My friends, if you will not adhere to the Lord's Spirit, neither to the entreaties of your friend, the time draws on when you will wish you had spent this glorious opportunity the Lord has given you, in preparing to meet Him who is to judge the world. Then it will be you that will have to hear and abide by that dreadful sentence, 'Depart ye cursed—ye workers of iniquity, for I never knew you.' O! my friends, consider you must go into fire prepared for the devil and his angels, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Some of you may put off this, and think it is a long time yet before it comes to pass; but consider, if the Lord does not call you by judgment, death is always near, and is taking off our

friends both on our right and on our left hands. Ah! we must all, sooner or later, be called to lie on a sick bed, when no physician can effect a cure, when death—cold and dreary death, will lay hold on us. Then will we have a view of awful eternity, and if unprepared, horror will seize upon the soul, while our friends wait around our bed, to see us bid the world adieu. O! what anguish will tear the soul of the sinner! What bitter lamentations will then be made for misspent opportunities, slighted mercies! O! that I had spent my time more to the Lord! Then you will say, farewell, my friends, I have got to go, for devils are waiting round my bed, to drag my soul away to hell. Then will you remember how often you grieved the good Spirit of the Lord, how often you drove it from you; but too late, you must go to endure the horrors of everlasting burnings. Then, my friends, accept of my feeble advice; bear constantly in mind the necessity of obtaining this blessed promise, and ever let your hearts and conduct be guided by the directions of that blessed Savior who died for you, that you might live. You who have set out in the way of well doing, be faithful unto death, and you will be conveyed by angels to Abraham's bosom, and there meet the sweet salutation of, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' And may God bless you and keep you in the path of righteousness, until he shall see

fit to close your eyes in death. Now, may the blessing, &c. JOHN STEWART."

Stewart returned according to his promise, and found that but few of his flock had remained steadfast. Most of them had fallen back into their former habits; and one of the most hopeful of the young men had been killed in a drunken frolick. He set about gathering up what was left. He now found many Indians whom he had not seen before—they having been absent on a hunting expedition.

At this time, *Two-logs*, or *Bloody-eyes*, and *Mononcue*, raised a powerful opposition to Stewart, and represented in most glowing colors the destruction that the Great Spirit would send on them, if they forsook their old traditions; that the Great Spirit had denounced them as a nation, and would abandon them for ever, if they left his commandments; and exhorted the people never to think of turning aside from their fathers' religion. The summer is the season of their amusements. Their feasts, dances, foot-racing, horse-racing, ball-playing, and gambling, were the chief employments of these red men; and these followed each other in swift succession, until fall called them to resume the chase. Although Stewart met with opposition, he continued his labors with some success. Many reports were put into circulation; and some of the

diviners saw visions. But Stewart continued his labors until the spring of 1818, at which time the Indians were all called to a treaty, to be held by the Government, at Fort Meigs, with the Wyandotts and others. While the Indians were making preparations to attend the treaty, Stewart deemed it advisable to return to Marietta, and stay until winter.

On his return, a new scene of difficulty arose. Certain missionaries, traveling to the north, called in the nation; and finding that Stewart had been somewhat successful in his labors amongst the Wyandotts, wanted him to join their church, saying that they would give him a good salary. But he refused, on the ground of his objections to the doctrines they held. They then demanded his authority as a Methodist missionary; and as he held no other authority from the church than exhorter's license, he frankly told them he had none. Through this means it became known that he had no authority from the church to exercise the ministerial office; although he had both solemnized matrimony, and baptized several persons, both adults and children, believing that the necessity of the case justified it. This operated greatly to his disadvantage; for the traders asserted that he was an impostor.

Stewart now determined to attach himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church, at some nearer point

than Marietta. In this winter, (1818,) he visited a tribe of the Wyandotts that lived at Solomonstown, on the Great Miami river. Here he found an acquaintance with Robert Armstrong, and with some Methodist families that lived near Bellefontaine; and from them learned that the quarterly meeting for that circuit would be held near Urbana. To this place he came, in company with some of the Indians, recommended by the converted chiefs and others, as a proper person to be licensed as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Rev. Moses Crume was presiding elder. The following letter I received from him, dated January 24th, 1838:

"Dear Brother Finley:—It gives me extreme regret to think that I had not preserved a particular memorandum of the licensing of John Stewart, who was emphatically God's missionary to the Wyandotts. It was in the month of March, 1819, when I presided on the Cincinnati district, that John met me in the town of Urbana; from which place I went to the quarterly meeting, accompanied by that man of God, Rev. Bishop George. Here we found Stewart, with several of his red brethren, the Wyandotts, with a recommendation from the chiefs that had been converted, earnestly desiring to have him licensed to preach the Gospel, according to the rule and order of our church. At the proper time,

and by the advice of the venerable Bishop George, his case was brought before the quarterly meeting conference, his recommendation read, and his brethren heard, who gave a good account of his life and labors in the conversion of many of their nation: those present testifying for themselves what God had done for them, through his instrumentility; and I think it was with the unanimous vote of that respectable body of men, that he was licensed: all believing they acted in conformity to the will of God.

"Thus I have given you a brief account of the above transaction; and I will add that no other official act of my ministry gives me greater satisfaction than to have been the honored instrument of licensing the first missionary to these poor benighted aboriginals of our favored country. When I view the whole matter, I am made to cry out with astonishment, and say, 'The Lord seeth not as man seeth, nor are his thoughts as our thoughts,' that instead of sending some of our honorable literary ministers, he should fix upon a poor unlettered colored exhorter, and send him to commence that great work; opening a great and effectual door of faith to our poor heathen aboriginals. It is the Lord's work, and to him be all the glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

MOSES CRUME."

At this meeting, the local preachers of the circuit volunteered to go in turn, and assist Stewart until the ensuing session of the Ohio Annual Conference. Amongst these were the two brothers, Samuel and Martin Hitt, Robert Miller, Thomas Lansdale, Joseph Mitchell, and Moses Henkle, then an exhorter. But the first help that Stewart received was from the Rev. Anthony Banning, of Mount Vernon. The news of this work had spread far and wide; so that Bishop M'Kendree made an agreement with my brother, John P. Finley, in the summer of 1818, in the town of Steubenville, to go that fall and commence a school among them. But owing to their unsettled state, and the treaty held with them not being finally adjusted, he did not go. Stewart continued his labors successfully amongst them, and many of the Solomonstown Indians began to renounce their heathenism; and amongst the rest, Robert Armstrong embraced religion. This was a great acquisition to the interests of this mission, and the work of God; as he afterwards became one of our most zealous and useful exhorters and interpreters.

This mission was taken into our regular work at the Ohio Annual Conference, held at Cincinnati, August 7th, 1819. At this conference I was appointed to the Lebanon district; which extended from the Ohio river, and included Michigan territory, and also this mission. I now became per-

sonally acquainted with it, and with this people, and was engaged in all its operations for eight years: two years as presiding elder, and the other six as missionary. Rev. James Montgomery was appointed this year as a missionary to assist brother Stewart. He was to visit the Indians once a month from his home, and preach and instruct them in the doctrine and practice of Christianity. At the time brother Montgomery was appointed to this mission, we had no missionary or other funds; and a collection was taken up among the preachers in the conference, amounting to seventy dollars. This sum answered for the present. The two preachers on the Mad River circuit, Rev. Russell Bigelow, and the Rev. Robert W. Finley, were appointed by the conference, with myself, as a committee to aid the mission and provide for the missionaries.

Shortly after conference, I was applied to by Col. Johnston, the Indian agent, to release brother Montgomery from his station, that he might receive a sub-agency among the Senecas. After deliberation and consultation with the committee, I agreed to his removal, considering it might be of great advantage to them. I then employed Moses Henkle, Sen., to take his place; and it was agreed that we should hold our first quarterly meeting for the mission at Zanesfield, on Mad river, at the house of Ebenezer Zane, a half white man, commencing on the 13th of November, 1819.

Accordingly we met, and there were present about sixty Indians; among whom were Between-the-logs, Mononcue, Hicks, and Scuteash, chiefs. Armstrong and Pointer were the interpreters; both of whom enjoyed religion. This was the first regular quarterly meeting held with the Indians, and the first time I ever tried to preach by an interpreter. I spoke to them of the will of God to have all men saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. Brother Henkle followed, and we concluded by singing and prayer. It was a good time. Some of our hymns had been translated into their tongue; and when we sung in English, they sang in Wyandott to the same tune. In the evening we met again, and brother Henkle preached, and labored to show them that the religion taught them by the Catholics was not the religion of the Bible; that worshiping departed saints and images was idolatry; and that God required all men to worship him in spirit and truth; that doing penance, counting beads, and confessing sins to the priest, would not save them; that nothing but faith in Christ could save fallen man. The meeting was concluded with singing and prayer, and it was a profitable time. At nine o'clock next morning we met for our love feast. I strove to show them the nature and design of a love feast, and think I succeeded in a great degree. This was a memorable morning. The Lord poured us out a blessing, and I cried out

in the fullness of my heart, "What hath God wrought! Here are red, white, and black men, of different nations and languages, sitting together under the tree of life, partaking of its most precious fruits." After we had witnessed our love to God and to one another, in the simple act of taking a piece of bread and sup of water, we proceeded to speak of our present state of feeling, and the dealings of God with our souls. This was done through an interpreter.

The first that rose as a witness for God was brother *Between-the-logs*, one of the chiefs, who spoke as follows: "My dear brethren, I am glad that the Great Spirit has permitted us to meet here for so good a purpose as to worship him, and to make strong the cords of love and friendship." Then lifting his streaming eyes to heaven, with an exclamation of gratitude to God, he continued, "This is the first meeting of this kind held for us; and now, my dear brethren, I am happy that we, who have been so long time apart, and have been great enemies to one another, (meaning the Indians and whites,) are come together as brothers; at which our heavenly Father is well pleased. For my part, I have been a very wicked man, and have committed many great sins against the Good Spirit. I used to drink the white man's fire water, which led me to many evils. But thanks to the Great Spirit, I am yet alive, and he has opened my blind

eyes to see these great crimes, by means of his ministers and the good Book; and has given me help to forsake those sins and to turn away from them. I now feel peace in my heart towards God and all men. But I feel just like a little child beginning to walk. Sometimes I am very weak, and almost give up; then I pray, and my great Father in heaven hears his poor child, and gives me a blessing; then I feel strong and happy; then I walk again: so sometimes I stand up and walk, and sometimes I fall down. I want you all to pray for me, that I may never any more fall, but always live happy and die happy; and then I shall meet you all in our great Father's house above, and be happy for ever."

The next who spoke was *John Hicks*, another chief, a very grave and zealous man. His speech was not all interpreted; but brother Armstrong told me that he exhorted the Indians to be engaged for the blessing; and urged his exhortation in the following manner: "When I was a boy, my parents used to send me on errands; and sometimes I saw so many new things, that I would say to myself, 'By and by I will ask, when I have seen more;' but after awhile I would forget what I was sent for, and go home without it. So may you—you have come a long way to get a blessing, and if you do not ask for it, you will have to go home without it. Then the wicked Indians will laugh at you for com-

ing so far for nothing. Now seek—now ask; and if you get the blessing you will be happy, and go home right, and then be strong to resist evil and do good." He then concluded by asking the prayers of his friends.

Scuteash arose, and with a serene and smiling countenance began: "I have been a great sinner and drunkard, which made me commit many great crimes, and the Great Spirit was very angry with me, so that in here, (pointing to his breast,) I always sick. No sleep—no eat—no ẃalk—drink whisky heap; but I pray the Great Spirit to help me quit getting drunk, and forgive all my sins, and he did do something for me. I do not know whence it comes, or whither it goes. (Here he cried out, "waugh! waugh!" as if shocked by electricity.) Now me no more sick—no more drink whisky—no more get drunk—me sleep—me eat; no more bad man—me cry—me meet you all in our great Father's house above." Afterwards we, in turn, told what God had done for us as sinners, and our morning meeting closed.

By this time I suppose there were three hundred whites gathered from the different frontier settlements. This gave us the opportunity of preaching Christ to them. For the sake of convenience, we separated the congregation, and I held meeting with the Indians in a cabin. In my address I tried to give them a history of the creation; the fall of

man; his redemption by Christ; how Christ was manifested in the flesh; how he was rejected, crucified, and rose from the dead, and was seen by many; that in the presence of more than five hundred he ascended up into heaven; that he commanded his people to wait in Jerusalem for the Holy Spirit; and as we are sitting, so were they, when it came down on them like mighty wind, and three thousand were converted to God that day. At this they made the whole house ring with exclamations of wonder, (*waugh! waugh.*) and said, "Great camp meeting." Brothers Henkle and Stewart then exhorted, and our meeting closed for the present. We met again in the evening, and Stewart told me that the Indians were determined to pray all night, in order to obtain a blessing; and that they wished me to exhort the whites, and then give them liberty to speak to their people and the whites too, if they felt like doing so. This being the arrangement, I proceeded to perform my part of the exercises; and having finished, I sat down.

Mononcue then arose, and for forty minutes exhorted the Indians with great zeal and pathos; which had a very manifest effect. His address was not interpreted; but the purport was to look to God for his blessings, and not to stop or rest until he had poured his Spirit on them. He then addressed the white people present, by the interpreter, as follows: "Fathers and brothers, I am

happy this night before the Great Spirit that made all men, red, white and black, that he has favored us with good weather for our meeting, and brought us together, that we may help each other to do good and get good. The Great Spirit has taught you and us both in one thing—that we should love one another, and fear him. He has taught *us* by his Spirit; and you, white men, by the good Book; which is all one. But your Book teaches us more plainly than we were taught before, what is for our good. To be sure, we worshiped the Great Spirit sincerely, with feasts, rattles, sacrifices and dances, which we now see was not all right. Now some of our nation are trying to do better, but we have many hindrances, some of which I mean to tell. The white men tell us that they love us, and we believe some of them do, and wish us well. But a great many do not; for they bring us whisky, which has been the ruin of us and our people. I can compare whisky to nothing but the devil; for it brings with it all kinds of evil. It destroys our happiness; it makes Indians poor; deprives our squaws and children of their food and clothing; makes us lie, steal, and kill one another. All these, and many other evils, it brings among us; therefore you ought not to bring it to us. You white people make it; you know its strength: we do not. But it is a great curse to your own people. Why not cease making it? This is one argument used by wicked

Indians against the good Book. If it is so good, say they, why do not all white men follow it, and do good? Another hindrance is, that white men cheat Indians; take their money, skins, and furs, for a trifle. Now your good Book forbids all this. Why not then do what it tells you? Then Indians would do right, too. You say the Great Spirit loves all, white, red, and black men, that do right. Why do you then look at Indians as below you, and treat them as if they were not brothers? Does your good Book tell you so? I am sure it does not. Now, brothers, let us all do right; then our great Father will be pleased, and make us happy in this world, and after death, we shall all live together in his house above, and always be happy."

Then *Between-the-logs* arose, and desiring to be heard, spoke as follows: "Will you have patience to hear me, and I will give you a history of religion among the Indians, for sometime back, and how we have been deceived. Our fathers had a religion of their own, by which they served God, and were happy, before any white men came amongst them. They used to worship with feasts, sacrifices, dances and rattles; in doing which they thought they were right. Our parents wished us to be good, and they used to make us do good, and would sometimes correct us for doing evil. But a great while ago, the French sent us the good Book by a Roman priest, and we listened to him. He taught us that

we must confess our sins, and he would forgive them; that we must worship Lady Mary, and do penance. He baptized us with spittle and salt; and many of us did as he told us. Now, we thought, to be sure we are right. He told us to pray, and to carry the cross on our breasts. He told us also, that it was wrong to drink whisky. But we found that he would drink it himself, and we followed his steps and got drunk too. At last, our priest left us, and this religion all died away. Then we thought we would return to our father's religion again. So, many of us left off getting drunk, and we began again to do pretty well. Then the *Seneca Prophet* arose, and pretended that he had talked to the Great Spirit, and that he had told him what Indians ought to do. So we heard and followed him. It is true, he told us many good things, and that we ought not to drink whisky; but soon we found that he was like the Roman priest—he would tell us we must not do things, and yet do them himself. So here we were deceived again. Then, after these cheats, we thought our fathers' religion was still the best, and we would take it up again and follow it. After sometime, the great *Shawnee Prophet* arose. Well, we heard him, and some of us followed him for awhile. But we had now become very jealous, having been deceived so often, and we watched him very closely, and soon found him like all the rest. Then we left him also; and now we

were made strong in the religion of our fathers, and concluded to turn away from it no more. We made another trial to establish it firmly, and had made some progress, when the war broke out between our father, the President, and King George. Our nation was for war with the King, and every man wanted to be a big man. Then we drank whisky and fought; and by the time the war was over, we were all scattered, and many killed and dead. But the chiefs thought they would gather the nation together once more. We had a good many collected, and were again establishing our Indian religion. Just at this time, a black man, Stewart, our brother here, (pointing to him,) came to us, and told us he was sent by the Great Spirit to tell us the true and good way. But we thought that he was like all the rest, that he wanted to cheat us, and get our money and land from us. He told us of all our sins; showed us that drinking whisky was ruining us; that the Great Spirit was angry with us; and that we must leave off these things. But we treated him ill, and gave him but little to eat, and trampled on him, and were jealous of him for a whole year. We are sure if the Great Spirit had not sent him, he could not have borne with our treatment. About this time, our father, the President, applied to us to buy our lands, and we had to go to the great city to see him. When we came home, our old preacher was still with us, telling us

the same things; and we could find no fault or alteration in him. About this time, he talked about leaving us, to see his friends; and our squaws told us that we were fools to let him go, for the Great God had sent him, and we ought to adopt him. But still we wanted to hear longer. They then told us what God had done for them by this man. So we attended his meeting in the council house, and the Great Spirit came upon us so that some cried aloud, some clapped their hands, some ran away, and some were angry. We held our meeting all night, sometimes singing and sometimes praying. By this time we were convinced that God had sent him unto us; and then we adopted him, and gave him mother and children. About this time a few of us went to a great camp meeting near Lebanon, Warren County, Ohio, and were much blessed, and very happy. As soon as this work was amongst us at Sandusky, almost every week some preachers would come and tell us they loved us, and would take us and our preacher under their care, and give us schools, and do all for us that we wished. But we thought if they loved Indians so, why not go to the Senecas and Mohawks? They have no preacher; we have ours. Some told us that we must be baptized all over in the water, to wash away our sins. And now they said they cared much for us; but before Stewart came, they cared nothing for us. Now some of us are trying to do

good, and are happy. We find no alteration in Stewart. But when others come, and our young men will not sit still, they scold; and we believe Stewart is the best man. Some of the white people that live among us, and can talk our language, say, 'The Methodists have bewitched you;' and that, 'it is all nothing but the works of the devil; and the whites want to get you tamed, and then kill you, as they did the Moravian Indians on the Tuscarawas river.' I told them that if we were to be killed, it was time for us all to be praying. Some white people put bad things in the minds of our young Indians, and make our way rough." Between-the-logs concluded his address by telling of the goodness of the Lord, and requesting an interest in the prayers of his people.

All commenced singing and praying—some in Indian and some in English; and the whole night was spent in these exercises. Just before day, the Lord answered as by fire! O! what a joyful time this was! All seemed dissolved in love. In the morning, we took the parting hand, in hope of meeting in a better world.

God has wrought a great work among this people. I think it was stated that about sixty of them had embraced Christianity. But there had been no regular society formed amongst them. I have been more lengthy in giving the reader an

account of this meeting, because it was the first of the kind ever held amongst them.

At the close of the first year of brother Henkle's labor among the Wyandotts, they addressed the Ohio Conference to be held at Chillicothe, August, 1820.

At the close of public worship on Sunday, 16th of July, 1820, I addressed the Wyandotts by the interpreter, as follows:

"My Friends, and you, Chiefs, in particular:—I have one word to say. I expect to meet our good old chiefs and fathers in the church at Chillicothe, before I come to see you again, and they will ask me how you come on in serving the Lord, and if you want them to keep sending you preachers any longer, to tell you the good word, or if you have any choice in preachers to come to teach you?"

In reply to these inquiries, the following answer was given:

"Our chiefs are not all here, and we must have all our chiefs and queens together, and they must all speak their minds, and then we will let the old father know."

They appointed to meet me at Negrotown on Wednesday, on my return from Senecatown; and

having returned, found them assembled and prepared to answer. On entering in among them, a seat was set in the midst of the room, and I requested to take the seat, which I declined; but took my seat in their circle against the wall, and directed the interpreter to take the middle seat, which was done. After a short silence I spoke: "Dear friends and brothers, I am thankful to find you all here, and am now prepared to hear your answer."

Mononcue, chairman and speaker for them all, answered:

"We let our old father know that we have put the question round which was proposed on Sunday evening in the council house, and our queens give their answer first, saying:

"We thank the old father for coming to see us so often, and speaking the good word to us, and we want him to keep coming and never forsake us; and we let him know that we love this religion too well to give it up while we live; for we think it will go bad with our people if they quit this religion; and we want our good brother Stewart to stay always amongst us, and our brother Jonathan too, and to help us along as they have done. Next we let the old father know what our head chiefs and the others have to say. They are willing that the gospel word should be continued among them,

and they will try to do good themselves and help others to do so too; but as for the other things that are mentioned, they say, we give it all over to our speakers; just what they say we agree to; they know better about these things than we do, and they may let the old father know their mind."

The speakers reply for themselves:

"We thank the fathers in conference for sending us preachers to help our brother Stewart, and we desire the old father to keep coming at least another year when his year is out; and we want our brother Armstrong to come as often as he can, and our brothers Stewart and Jonathan to stay among us and help us, as they have done; and we hope our good fathers will not give us up because so many of our people are wicked and do wrong, for we believe some white men are wicked yet, that had the good word preached to them longer than our people; and our great heavenly Father has had long patience with us all; and we let the old father know that we, the speakers, will not give over speaking and telling our people to live in the right way; and if any of us do wrong, we will still try to help him right, and let none go wrong; and we will try to make our head chiefs and all our people better, and we are one in voice with our queens, and we all join in giving thanks to our good fathers that care for our souls, and are willing to help our

people; and we want them all to pray for us, and we will pray for them, and we hope our great heavenly Father will bless us all, and this is the last.

BETWEEN-THE-LOGS,
JOHN HICKS,
MONONCUE, *Chief Speaker*,
PEACOCK,
SQUINDEGHTY.

"*July* 27, 1820."

The council consisted of twelve chiefs and five queens, or female counselors. Seven of the counselors of the nation were religious, and five of them were speakers.

This ends the year 1819—20, and brother Henkle was re-appointed at the conference held in Chillicothe, August, 1820.

We held regular quarterly meetings with them. Stewart continued his labors amongst them, as well as brother Henkle, who visited them from his residence on Buck creek, in Clark county, once a month, and staid, perhaps, two Sabbaths every time. From this arrangement, there was but little done to improve the nation. Some held on their way, others were added, and some returned to their former habits.

This was the first Indian mission under the care

of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the beginning of a saving work of God on the hearts of the aboriginals of our country, in the Mississippi valley. The doctrine always taught, and the principle acted upon, were, that they must be first civilized, before they could be christianized. Hence, the government, and individual societies, labored to civilize them, by teaching them the art of farming. But the labor was in vain. A man must be christianized, or he never can be civilized. He will always be a savage until the grace of God makes his heart better, and then he will soon become civil and a good citizen. We labored to get these Indians to submit to have a school amongst them, on the manual labor principle, but could not succeed until July, 1821. On my way to Detroit, to a quarterly meeting, I pressed this subject upon them with great earnestness, by showing the benefits that must result to their children. Their hunting was now gone; they were pent up on a small tract of land, and must work, steal, or starve; the Church, the government, and all, were waiting to afford them help, and they, in their last treaty, had made a reserve of one section of land for this purpose; and to delay, was to injure themselves and their children. They promised that they would give me an answer when I should come back. They took the matter into careful consideration. They exam-

ined the whole ground with the utmost exactness, and matured it by frequent reviews. Accordingly, on my return, they presented me with an address, to carry to the conference to be held at Lebanon, in August, 1821. The paper was read before the conference; was received with great cordiality, and promptly met with a hearty response, according to their wishes. The following is a copy:

"THE CHIEFS OF THE WYANDOTT NATION, IN COUNCIL ASSEMBLED AT UPPER SANDUSKY, TO THE HEAD MINISTERS AND FATHERS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TO MEET AT LEBANON, OHIO:

"We, your Wyandott brethren, acknowledge former favors thankfully, and wish peace and health to attend you all. We farther inform you that lately our council have resolved to admit a missionary school, to be established amongst us, at Upper Sandusky; and have selected a section of land for that purpose, at a place called Camp Meigs, where there is spring water and other conveniences; and all other necessary privileges that may be required for the furtherance of said school, shall be freely contributed, as far as our soil affords: Provided, the same does not intrude on any former improvements made by our own people, which are not to be intruded upon. Moreover, we

will endeavor to supply the school with scholars of our own nation sufficient to keep it in action; and we will admit children of our white friends who live amongst us. As to the number of scholars our people will furnish the school to commence with, we cannot state. We are not sure of the number. We refer you to father Henkle, who can inform you more fully of the prospect, and the probable number which can be collected. But many more will, we hope, come in, especially if the children are boarded and clothed as our brethren have proposed; and if our teacher be a good and wise man, we may expect more children. We would further let the conference know, that we wish our teacher to be a preacher, that can teach and baptize our children, and marry our people; a man that loves our nation; that loves us and our children; one that can bear with our ignorance and weakness. And if conference sends a preacher, as we have requested, to be our school-master, we think there will be no need of a traveling missionary to be continued amongst us, as we expect our house will be taken into Delaware circuit at conference, which is our request. And in hopes that our good and worthy fathers, and all that wish peace and prosperity to our nation, are well and doing well, and will always pray for us, and help us, by sending us good men and good counsel, we subscribe ourselves your

humble fellow servants in our great and good Lord God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

(Signed,) De-un-quot, *Chief.*
Between-the-logs, *Chief.*
John Hicks, *Chief.*
Mononcue, *Chief.*
An-dau-you-ah, *Chief.*
De-an-dough-so, *Chief.*
Ta-hu-waugh-ta-ro-de, *Chief.*

"Done in the presence and by
the interpretation of
William Walker, *U. S. Interpreter.*
Moses Henkle, Sen., *Missionary.*"

I could not meet this council on my way back from Detroit, as there was a great rise in the streams from the incessant rain that had fallen. When I came to Muskalunge creek, on my way to Detroit, it was over its banks, and all the bottoms were covered with water. I came back to Lower Sandusky, and hired a Frenchman to pilot me through to Fort Meigs. With him I made the second attempt, but could not succeed. I then returned as far as Fort Ball, where I left my horse, and hired two young Indians to take me to Portland, in a bark canoe. We started about noon, and the Sandusky river being very full, our bark canoe went over the rapids almost with the swiftness of

a bird. But when we got down to eddy water, which we reached a short distance below Lower Sandusky, we met schools of fish, called sheep-head; and they much annoyed us, by sticking fast to the bottom of our canoe. Once in awhile one of the Indians, who steered for us, would take his butcher-knife out of his belt, and slip down his arm into the water and stab one of them, and it would almost jump on board. But they not being good to eat, we cared not to take any of them. We had no provisions with us, and depended on killing deer. My comrades fired several times, but were not so fortunate as to kill any. Night came on, and we had no place to stop at until we got down into the great marshes, at the mouth of the river. There was an old Frenchman, *Poskill* by name, that lived in this marsh, and caught muskrats. We arrived at his poor wigwam in the night, and found nothing to eat but muskrats, and no shelter scarcely. But O! the fleas and musketoes! This was one of the most disagreeable nights of my life. As soon as possible in the morning, we set sail, and soon got into the bay, which is twelve miles long, and from four to six broad. My Indians wanted to take the middle shoot; but the wind was blowing fresh from the east, and I knew if it got much higher, it would capsize our light vessel. So I prevailed on them to coast it round the shore; and often we had to run to the land, and pull our seam boat (as

the Indians call it) out of the water, and empty it. The wind increased as the day advanced, until, in doubling Nigro Point, opposite Goat Island, our canoe sank, about two hundred yards from the shore. We had now to swim, and take our canoe with us. When we reached the shore, it took us sometime to empty and fix up again. We carried our boat across the Point, and soon set off again.

In the evening we reached our place of destination, hungry and much fatigued, having had nothing but two small cakes among three of us, for one day and a half. Next evening I got on board of the steamboat Walk-in-the-water, and on Saturday morning arrived at Detroit. Here I heard that brother Kent was sick at Fort Meigs, and I had to hold the quarterly meeting alone, until it closed on Monday morning.

There was a string of appointments made for me, up the river Rouge. I obtained a poney, and on Tuesday rode twenty-five miles, preached twice, and swam the river three times. I passed over to Ecorse river and Brownstown; got back to Detroit on Saturday; preached there on Sabbath; set sail on Monday for Portland; and on Tuesday hired an Indian's horse to ride to Lower Sandusky. The Indian, who accompanied me, was a little intoxicated. He ran before me, and would say to me, "Good horse." "Yes," I would answer. "How much you give?" I told him I did not want to

buy; I had no money. He said, "You lie—you cheat Indian—you Kentucky." We had not traveled more than half the distance until we came across a camp of Indians that were drinking. Here my guide stopped to get a little more stimulus; but I rode on. I soon heard him yelling behind me; but I urged on his horse, and kept before him until I arrived at Lower Sandusky. When he came up, he said to me, "You rascal—you steal Indian's horse—you rascal—you Kentucky rascal." Here he abused me until I gave him half a dollar, which cooled him off. That evening I reached Fort Ball, and found my fine horse so eaten with flies and musketoes, that I could hardly get him home.

CHAPTER II.

The author in August, 1821, appointed missionary—Want of missionary funds and resources—Preparations for his journey—Arrives at the mission—Cordially received—Lives in a cold, open cabin—Builds a new one—Works very hard, and prepares materials for building the mission house—Sufferings during the winter—Stewart teaches Indian school at Big Spring—Happy death of Mononcue's aunt—His speech at her funeral—Unformed state of the Church—Organization of a class at Big Spring, and one at the mission—Opposition to this course by the luke-warm and irreligious—Unprincipled conduct of the traders—Heads of a sermon at the mission—Between-the-logs exhorts—Indian woman's dream—Indians repair to their hunting ground, to hunt and make sugar—Author visits their camps to hold a two days' meeting—Eats boiled raccoon and molasses—The hunting camp—The houses, beds, and fixtures—Mode of hunting raccoons—Bears—Their habitudes—Mode of hunting them in winter—Young bears—Bear robbed of her cubs—Bear's flesh and oil—Bear's oil, venison, sugar, and parched corn—Account of the meeting—Return to the mission house—Meeting among the whites on Tyamochte creek—Mononcue's address to them on drinking—Difficulties of regulating classes and explaining Discipline.

The Indians, in their council, having officially addressed the conference, and made application for a resident missionary and school, designated definitely the place and section of land chosen by

them for that purpose, according to the stipulations of the treaty of Fort Meigs, in 1817. The conference accepted the proposal, an answer was sent to the chiefs and nation, and I was appointed to this work.

There was no plan of operation furnished me, no provision made for the mission family, no house to shelter them, nor supplies for the winter; and there was only a small sum of money, amounting to two hundred dollars, appropriated for the benefit of the mission. However, I set about the work of preparation to move. I had a suitable wagon made, bought a yoke of oxen, and other things necessary—took my own furniture and household goods, and by the 8th of October, was on my way. I had hired two young men, and one young woman, and sister Harriet Stubbs volunteered to accompany us as a teacher. These, with my wife and self, made the whole mission family. We were eight days making our way out. Sixty miles of the road was almost as bad as it could be. From Markley's, on the Scioto, to Upper Sandusky, there were but two or three cabins. But by the blessing of kind Providence, we arrived safe, and were received by all with the warmest affection. There was no house for us to shelter in, on the section of land we were to occupy; but by the kindness of brother Lewis, the blacksmith, we were permitted to occupy a new cabin he had built for his family. It was

without door, window, or chinking. Here we unloaded, and set up our Ebenezer. The Sabbath following we held meeting in the council house, and had a large congregation. Brother Stewart was present, and aided in the exercises. We had a good meeting, and the prospect of better times.

We now selected the place for building our mission house. It was on the spot called "Camp Meigs," where Gov. Meigs had encamped with the Ohio militia, in time of the last war, on the west bank of the Sandusky river, about a mile below the post of "Upper Sandusky." On this very spot, were buried many of my old acquaintances, and some of my youthful companions, who had died at this place. Here I had the following meditations: "My dear companions are gone. They died in the service of their country, in warring against their fellow men. But I have come to make war on a different enemy, and under another Captain, and with different weapons. I, too, may fall in this conflict; but if faithful, it will be to rise again to certain victory."

We commenced getting logs to put us up a shelter for the winter. The first week, one of my hands left me. A day or two after, while we were in the woods cutting down timber, a dead limb fell from the tree we were chopping, on the head of the other young man, so that he lay breathless. I placed him on the wagon, drove home half a mile or more, and

then bled him, before he recovered his senses. I now began to think it would be hard times. Winter was coming on, and my family exposed in an Indian country, without a house to shelter in. For years I had done but little manual labor. But the Lord blessed me with great peace in my soul. My worthy friend, George Riley, recovered from his hurt, and we worked almost day and night, until the skin came off the inside of my hands. I took oak bark, boiled it, and washed my hands in the decoction, and they soon got well, and became hard. We built a cabin house, twenty by twenty-three feet, and without door, window, or loft. On the very day that snow began to fall, we moved into it. The winter soon became extremely cold. We repaired one of the old block houses—made a stable thereof for our cattle; and cut, hauled, and hewed logs to put up a double house, forty-eight feet long by twenty wide, a story and a half high. We hauled timber to the sawmill, and sawed it ourselves into joists and plank, for the floor and other purposes. I think I can say that neither brother Riley nor myself, sat down to eat one meal of victuals that winter, but by candle-light, except on Sabbath days. We always went to bed at nine, and rose at four o'clock in the morning; and by day-light, we were ready to go to work. In addition to this, I preached every Sabbath and met class, attended prayer meeting once every week, and labored to

rear up the Church. Brother Stewart assisted, when he was able to labor; but his pulmonary affliction confined him the most of his time to the house, and I employed him to teach a small school of ten or twelve Indian children, at the Big Spring; for these people were so anxious to have their children taught, that they could not wait until preparations were made at the mission house, and they wanted to have a separate school by themselves. To this I would not agree; but to accommodate their wishes until we were ready at the mission house to receive their children, I consented that they might be taught at home.

On the first of January I was called to bury one of our little flock, an aged woman, the mother of Jaco, and aunt to Mononcue. She lived at the Big Spring reservation, fifteen miles from the mission house. On the Sabbath before her death, I conversed with her about her future hopes. She rejoiced, and praised God that he had ever sent his ministers to preach Jesus to her and her people. "I have been trying," said she, "to serve God for years; but it was all in the dark, until the ministers brought the light to my mind, and then I prayed, and found my God precious to my poor soul. Now I am going soon to see him in his house above, and I want all my children and grand-children and friends, to meet me in that good world." She died a few days after in great peace. I was sent for, to

go and bury her. Brother Riley and myself rode there in the night, and early in the morning commenced making the coffin. It was late before we could finish it, and consequently late before the funeral was over. But I think I shall never forget the scene. It was between sun-down and dark when we left with the corpse. The lowering clouds hung heavily over us, and the virgin snow was falling. We entered a deep and lonely wood, four men carrying the bier, and the rest all following in Indian file. When we came to the burying ground, the Indians stood wrapped up in their blankets, leaning against the forest trees, in breathless silence; and all bore the aspect of death. Not one word was said while the grave was filling up; but from the daughter, and some of the grand-children, now and then a broken sigh escaped. At last Mononcue broke out in the following strains: "Farewell, my old and precious aunt! You have suffered much in this world of sin and sorrow. You set us all a good example, and we have often heard you speak of Jesus in the sweetest strains, while the falling tears have witnessed the sincerity of your heart. Farewell, my aunt! We shall no more hear your tender voice, that used to lull all our sorrows, and drive our fears from us. Farewell, my aunt! That hand that fed us will feed us no more. Farewell to your sorrows: all is over. There your body must lie until the voice of the Son of God shall call you up.

We weep not with sorrow, but with joy, that your soul is in heaven." Then he said, "Who of you all will meet her in heaven?" This was a feeling and happy time, and we parted, I think, fully determined to die the death of the righteous. We rode home that night, fifteen miles, and felt greatly comforted in talking of the goodness of God and the power of his grace. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth."

In this mission there had not, as yet, been any regular formation of a Church. All was in a kind of national society; so that when any one did wrong, he left without any trial or censure; and any one came in and enjoyed the ordinances of the Church without any formal admission; and so they came and went at pleasure. I plainly saw this would not do. I therefore resolved to form them into classes, and bring them under proper discipline. When I proposed this, at first it gave great offense to many, and there was much remonstrance against it. The putting their names on paper, and calling them to an account for their conduct, seemed too much like making slaves of them. But I labored hard with the chiefs and principal men, to show them the propriety of the measure, from the necessity of self-government, family government, and national government; and with them I succeeded in a good degree. I read our General Rules, and had them explained, and showed that

the Bible and religion required that we must observe them; and knowing the great danger they were in, of being drawn away into sin by drink, I made one positive condition on their joining the Church; which was, that they must totally abstain from the use of ardent spirits; that I would not suffer any person to be in society that tasted it on any occasion. This condition I found many objected to, and plead that if a man did not get drunk, it was no crime. I told them this was their greatest enemy, and had almost ruined their nation already, and I thought strange that any one should still plead for a little of this poison.

After laboring three months or more, to prepare the way, I proposed first at the Big Spring, to strike the line between those that were sincerely the lovers of God and the good Book, and those that were only the outer-court worshipers; and requested all that were determined to serve God and forsake all sin, to come forward and give me their names; and only *twenty* came forward, out of the many at this place that had professed to turn from their evil ways.

The next Sabbath we met for worship at the council house, at Upper Sandusky, and I made the same proposition there, insisting on the rule of total abstinence from all kinds of spirits that would make a man drunk. Here there were but *ten*, and amongst these were four of the chiefs, Between-the-

logs, Mononcue, Hicks, and Peacock, making thirty out of the whole nation. But I was not at all discouraged. I appointed leaders for these two classes, and their number increased almost every Sabbath. Many, however, now left us altogether, and became our most violent opposers, and did all they could to prejudice the nation against me. But I held on to my purpose; for I well knew that if I relaxed, and they could make me stagger, that my influence with them was in a great measure at an end.

This opposition was urged on by a set of traders and whisky sellers, that had settled around the Indian reservation, for the purpose of making gain off them. These would occasionally attend our meetings; and I made this my opportunity of telling the Indians how wicked these traders were, in selling them whisky and in making them drunk: then robbing their children and wives of what they ought to have to clothe and feed them. I knew it would have a better effect to tell the Indians of these men in their presence, than when they were absent. So that I never failed, when one of them was present, to lift my warning voice against them and their practices. For this, they exerted all their malevolence against me; and they spared no pains to injure and oppose me. I was twice cautioned by my friends to be on my guard, for that there were

two drunken vagabond Indians employed to kill me. But I had no fear. My trust was in God.

The offense that was given to many, by my forming classes, greatly strengthened the hopes of the heathen party; and the head chief organized his band afresh, and appointed Sci-oun-tah his high priest. They met every Sabbath for meeting, and their priest related great things of their Indian god; how he had commanded them not to forsake their feasts and dances, and not to have their names put down on paper, for this was a disgrace to an Indian; and he would not own those again that did it, but cast them off for ever.

A few Sabbaths after, I tried to preach from 2 Cor. iv, 3, 4: "But if our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not." 1. I described the Gospel as being a message from God, of good news and glad tidings to the world; showed what the tidings were: salvation to all that will obey. 2. I described the god of this world, the devil; and showed how he blinded the minds of men, and so hid the light and truth of God's word from their minds.

When I concluded, Between-the-logs arose and said, "I have just found out who this Indian god is. He is the devil; for he blinds the mind, and hardens the heart, and makes men get drunk, and

commit murder, and every evil. I prove this from the fact that the heathen party say that they serve their Indian god, and worship him, and do what he tells them. Now, they all get drunk, and sometimes murder one another, and this in obedience to their Indian god! This is the conduct and practice of all wicked men—white, red, and black. They all serve the Indian god, and that god is the devil. Now, my friends, *our* God forbids all this evil, and we see and feel its benefits here on earth, and shall feel them in heaven. That party has told you if you set your name on paper, that this Indian god will cast you off for ever. I could wish this was true; and although this is a public renouncing of him and his worship, yet we see he follows us still; and some, in a short time, have been persuaded to go back to him. But I feel determined, if all go, yet will not I. Since the light of God's word has driven the darkness from my soul, I have joy and peace that I never felt before. A few weeks since, at a prayer meeting in this place, I received this full light. I had some before, but it was not clear until then. Now it is like the sun at noon-day. Come, who will go? Who will take hold of God's word of peace? Let him get up, that we may see who you are, and how many." At this, nearly all arose; and there was a powerful shaking. Brother Armstrong exhorted, and several joined the Church.

For sometime, our society did not increase fast

in numbers, but grew in grace, and firmness in religion. The classes were well and constantly attended, and much of the grace of God was enjoyed.

This winter, one of the principal women, who was much opposed to the Gospel, was converted to God and Christianity. "One night, after being at meeting," she said, "I lay down to sleep, and dreamed that I saw at the council house, a high pole set in the ground, and on the top of that pole there was a white child fastened, and it gave light to all around, in a circle. At the foot of the pole stood the missionary, calling the Indians to come into the light, for they were all in the dark. No one went. At last, I thought if it was a good thing it would not hurt me, and I would venture. So I went; and from the foot of this pole there were two roads started: the one was a broad road, and it led down hill; the other was a narrow one, and led up hill. These roads, he said, were the only two roads that lead out of this world. The broad one leads down to hell, and the other leads up to heaven. I looked in the dust, and saw that all the large moccason tracks were on the broad road, and the small ones were on the narrow road. So I determined at once to take the narrow road. I had not traveled far until I found the way steep, and my feet often slipped, and I fell to my knees; but I held by the bushes, and got up again. So I traveled on for sometime; but the higher I got, the

easier I traveled, until I got almost to the top of the hill. There I saw a great white house, and a white fence around it. There was a large gate that led to this house. At this gate stood a man, and his hair was as white as snow. He held in his right hand a long sword, and the point of it blazed like a candle. I was greatly afraid. I heard in that house the most delightful singing I ever heard before, and had a great desire to go in. When I came up to the gate, the man spoke to me and said, 'You cannot come in now. You must go back and tell all your nation, that if they want to get to heaven they must take this narrow road, for there is no other that leads here.' Then I started back with a heavy heart; and when I got down near the council house I saw my people all in the way to ruin, and began to call on them to stop. Here I awoke." The next Sabbath this woman got up in the meeting at the council house, and told all she had seen in her dream; while she wept bitterly, and exhorted all the nation to turn to God and live. This had a good effect on many.

In February, nearly all of the Indians went to the woods, to trap and make sugar. They seldom return from these expeditions until the first of April. I sent with them an appointment to meet them at Between-the-logs' camp, on their hunting ground, and hold a two days' meeting. About the first of March, I left Upper Sandusky in company with

brother Armstrong, as interpreter, and brother Mononcue, to attend this meeting. The morning was cold, and our course lay through a deep forest. We rode hard, hoping to make the camps before night; but such were the obstructions we met with, from ice and swamps, that it was late when we arrived. Weary with a travel of twenty-five miles or more, through the woods, without a path or a blazed tree to guide us, and withal, the day was cloudy, we were glad to find a camp to rest in. We were joyfully received by our friends, and the women and children came running to welcome us to their society and fires. The men had not all returned from hunting, though it was late. But it was not long after we were seated by the fire, until I heard the well known voice of Between-the-logs. I went out of the camp, and helped down with two fine deer. Soon we had placed before us a kettle filled with fat raccoons, boiled whole, after the Indian style, and a pan of good sugar molasses. These we asked our heavenly Father to bless, and then carved for himself, with a large butcher-knife. I took the hind quarter of a raccoon, and holding it by the foot, dipped the other end in the molasses, and eat it off with my teeth. Thus I continued dipping and eating until I had pretty well finished the fourth part of a large coon. By this time, my appetite began to fail me, and I was for leaving off; but my comrades said, "This is fine fare, do not quit

yet." So I took a little more; and thought it was a good meal, without bread, hommony, or salt.

Their winter hunting camps are much more comfortable, and the scenery more pleasant, than those who have never seen them would imagine. They are built of poles, closely laid together, by cutting a notch in the upper part of the pole, and so laying the next one into it, and then stopping all the cracks with moss from the old logs. They are covered with bark, a hole being left in the middle of the roof for the smoke to go out at. The fire is in the centre, and the beds round three sides. These are raised from the earth by laying short chunks of wood on the ground, and covering them with bark laid lengthwise. On the bark is spread skins of some kind, and these are covered with blankets. The beds are three feet wide, and serve also for seats. These camps are always pitched in rich bottoms, where the pasture is fine for horses, and water convenient. Around them you will often find a flock of domestic fowls, which are taken on horses from the towns, for the purpose of getting their eggs; and to secure them from the dogs, which generally swarm around an Indian camp, the Indian women make baskets of bark, and drive down stakes into the ground, on which they hang their baskets. Perhaps there will be half a dozen on one stake, one above another; and from them they gather large quantities of eggs.

The troughs in which they catch their sugar water, are made of bark, and hold about two gallons. They have a large trough, made like a bark canoe, into which they gather from the small ones. The women make the sugar, and stretch all the skins. The men trap and hunt.

One man will have, perhaps, three hundred raccoon traps, scattered over a country ten miles in extent. These traps are "dead falls," made of two saplings, and set over a log which lies across some branch or creek, or that is by the edge of some pond or marshy place. In the months of February and March, the raccoons travel much, and frequent the ponds for the purpose of catching frogs. When the raccoon has taken a frog, he does not eat it immediately, but will carry it to some clean water and wash it; then lay it down on the leaves, and roll it with his fore feet, until it is dead, and then he feasts on his prey.

The hunter generally gets round all his traps twice a week, and hunts from one to the other. I have known a hunter to take from his traps thirty raccoons in two days, and sometimes they take more. From three to six hundred is counted a good hunt for one spring, beside the deer, turkeys, and bears.

The bears, at this time of the year, are generally taken from the hollow trees or rocks, where they have lain for a month or two. During the winter,

these animals sleep with little intermission, for three months, and receive no nourishment, except what they suck out of their paws. I have taken them out of their holes, when there has been from one to two gallons of clear oil in the intestines, and nothing else that could be perceived by the naked eye. In hunting bears at this season, the Indians search for them in the hollow trees and rocks. When they find a tree that looks likely to lodge a bear, they examine the bark to see if one has gone up. If there are fresh signs, and the scratches are not long, but just sunk in, this is a good sign. But if there are long marks made with the hind feet, it is supposed that he has been up and come down again. And if the thing is doubtful, they cut a brush, and with it scrape the tree on the side opposite the hole, and cry like a young bear; and if there be one inside, he will either come and look out, or make a noise so as to be heard. If it is ascertained that there is one inside, then, in order to get him out, one climbs up a tree that is convenient; or, if there is not such an one, they cut one so as to lodge it near the hole. Then he fastens a bunch of rotten wood to the end of a pole, sets it on fire, and slips it off the end of his pole into the hollow of the tree, where it soon sets fire to the rotten wood. At first, the bear begins to snuff and growl, and strike with his fore feet, as if he would

put it out. But the fire, steady in its progress, soon routs him, and he comes out in great wrath. By this time, the Indian is down, and has taken the most advantageous position with his rifle, and when the bear is fairly out, he fires at him. If he does not succeed the first shot, his comrade fires, whilst he re-loads; and so they keep up the fire until bruin yields up his life.

These animals seldom have more than two young ones at a time. The cubs are small at first, without hair, blind, and exceedingly ugly. The dam is very careful of them, and will fight desperately to protect them, and is very dangerous when the cubs are either taken or wounded. Young bears are easily tamed, but they are very troublesome, and of no profit. Their flesh is most delicious, and is found to be very healthy, and easy of digestion. The oil of a bear fattened on beech nuts, is the most diffusive and penetrating of all oils. The Indians eat it until their skin becomes as greasy as if it had been rubbed on externally. It is preserved for summer use by frying it out, and putting it into a cured deer skin, with the hair grained off when the skin is green. Deer meat is sliced thin, and dried over the fire, until it can be easily pounded in a mortar. This, mixed with sugar and dipped in bear's oil, is the greatest luxury of an Indian table. This, with corn parched in a kettle,

and pounded to meal, then sifted through a bark sieve, and mixed with sugar, makes the traveling provision of an Indian in time of war.

But to return to my meeting. We arrived at the hunting camps on Friday evening. This night was mostly spent in laboring with an Indian man, who was of the heathen party, and a brother to An-daw-yaw-wa, the chief of the Beaver tribe, and called by the whites, James Washington. Brother Armstrong commenced, and was soon aided by Between-the-logs, and the chief, his brother. Some matters were occasionally referred to me, which I decided and explained. At length I lay down, and fell asleep. I awoke two or three times during the night, and found them still at the controversy; and he yielded so far as to make trial of prayer during the meeting. Next morning you would have been pleased to hear the voice of singing from many tents, and then the fervent prayer of all, for the presence and power of God. Many came in this morning, and pitched their tents. At eleven o'clock we commenced our worship, at a fire kindled for that purpose, in the open air. I tried to preach, and Mononcue exhorted; and the Lord was with us of a truth. In the evening, we had a congregation of about one hundred and fifty. I took for my subject the narrow and broad ways: the one that leads to life, and the other to death. I showed that there were but two places in the other world, to hold all

people. The one a place of punishment for the wicked, and the other a place of happiness for all the good. The one was hell, and the other heaven; and that the broad way led to hell, and the narrow way to heaven; that the broad way was just as wide as sin, and that all sinners were walking in it; that a man might commit any kind of sin, and still be in it; that it led down hill, and men went fast, and with some ease, because it was agreeable to a wicked heart. But the road to heaven was narrow; for it was restricted from sin, and those that walk in it must forsake all sin, and keep God's holy commandments; and this would be a great cross to the flesh, but that they would at last reap the benefit of having served God. This discourse was much blessed, I have no doubt, and our Indian exhorters made a firm and successful application of it. We then called up the mourners, and had a glorious time. Some that never before had prayed, now came forward, and some professed to be converted.

On Sabbath morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we held our love feast. This was a morning never to be forgotten. Only a few had spoken, until it seemed as if every cup was full and running over. Some wept; some exhorted their wicked friends to flee the wrath to come; while others shouted, "O-ra-mah, o-ra-mah! Ho-men-de-zue!" Glory, glory! be to the Great Spirit! Some professed to be reclaimed, and some converted to God.

At eleven o'clock I preached again, on the kingdom of Christ, and the power of his Gospel in ages past; of the persecutions and triumphant death of the righteous, and of the glory that would yet come. This was, most of it, new to them, and deeply interesting. Their souls were strengthened with might in the inner man. Our night meeting I gave up to brother Armstrong, and the Indian exhorters, and they managed it in their own way. I believe it lasted all night. In the morning I took several into society; and at ten o'clock they almost all went off to their several hunting camps.

This meeting was a great blessing. I made strict inquiry how they attended to their duties in the woods, such as family and private prayer, and especially how they spent the Sabbath? Whether on that day, they looked after their traps, or made sugar, or gathered the water? But I found that all their duties were most sacredly attended to; and on the Sabbath, as many as could, came together, and sung and prayed, and held class meeting. I remained a day longer, and then returned to my station.

On our way to the mission we held a meeting in a new settlement of whites, on Tyamochte creek, in the house of Mr. Carpenter. Here we had a good meeting. These people seemed anxious to hear the word of life. After I had tried to preach, brother Mononcue gave an appropriate exhortation, which

was interpreted by brother Armstrong. Mononcue spoke of the former wars and bloodshed, that had taken place between them. "But now," said he, "the scene is changed. The scalping knife and tomahawk are buried, not only in practice, but God has taken away the disposition out of my heart, and I hope out of yours also. Now you are my neighbors; I want to live in love and peace, and to be helpers to one another for both worlds, that we may live in our heavenly Father's house for ever. But one thing must be done, if this is the case. You, my friends, must leave off bringing your water of death, (meaning whisky,) and selling to my people, or we never can live in peace, for wherever this comes, it brings fire and death with it; and if you will still give or sell it to Indians, it will take away all their senses; and then, like a mad bear, they may turn round and kill you, or some of their squaws or children; or if you should escape, they will go home, and be very apt to kill a wife, a mother, or a child: for whenever this mad water gets into a man, it makes murder boil in his heart, and he, like the wolf, wants blood all the time; and I believe it makes you white people as bad as it makes us Indians, and you would murder one another as we do, only that you have laws that put those people in jail, and sometimes hang them by the neck, like a dog, till they are dead: and this makes white people afraid. We have no such

laws yet; but I hope that by and by we shall have. But I think they ought first to hang all people that make and send this poison abroad, for they do all the mischief. What good can it do to men, to make and send out poison to kill their friends? Why this is worse than our Indians killing one another with knife and tomahawk. If the white people would hang them all up that make it and sell it, they would soon leave it off, and then the world would have peace. Now, my white friends, if you love us or yourselves—if you love peace, I beg that you will not sell these fire waters to our poor people. They are but children, many of them, and you know that a child will just as soon take poison as food. God is doing a great work for us at our town. Many of our Indians are embracing religion, and striving to serve the Great Spirit. Many of those that used to get drunk, and fight, and quarrel, and murder, are now praying people; and now, instead of the drunkard's song and yell, you can hear in almost every cabin the sound of prayer going up to heaven. It makes my heart glad. I hope many of you are praying people, and striving to serve the same God, and going to the same heaven. *Go on, go on—seras-qua, seras-qua*," said the noble chief, "I'll meet you there." Then holding out his hand to all that would meet him, some came and took hold, weeping;

sinners trembled, and God was in the word. This place was afterwards taken into Delaware circuit, and made a preaching place, and many souls were converted to God.

At different times in March and April, all our Indians got home from their hunting grounds. I now commenced laboring to bring all that would join with the classes, under proper government. I had formed one at the Big Spring reservation, and another at the mission house. This was the most difficult thing I had yet undertaken. I used to spend whole days in reading and expounding the Discipline to the leaders and the stewards.

The official members were four exhorters, four leaders, two to each class, and three stewards. When they would get to understand a part of the Discipline, they would communicate this part to their classes. I was asked by one of them one day, why we white people had so many laws—a law for every thing? Why cannot we go along, and do good without laws? I told him that without law there was no good or bad; that without law we could not know when we were doing good or evil, but were left all the time in the dark. How, said I, would we do without the sun or the light of it? How could we see in the dark? "It would be very bad," said he. "The sun points out all things around us, and helps us against our enemies and

dangers." The law, then, is like the sun; it tells us what is right and what is wrong; it shows us what we must do to be happy, or if we do it not we must be miserable; it makes the road to heaven very plain. Although it is a narrow way, yet it is made plain by the law; and all that will, may walk in it, and not stumble or fall. How would you know it was wrong to get drunk and murder, if the law did not tell you so? How would you know it was right to pray, and if you did pray, that God would hear you and bless you, if the law did not tell you so? But suppose one steps out of the road to heaven and gets drunk, what must we do? Why this Discipline tells us what to do with him, and all others that sin against God. We must first try to get them to repent and forsake sin altogether, and if they will not, we must then turn them out, and let them go with their old companions.

I tried to show them the reasons of law, and that it was right, and the duty of a father to prevent his children from running into danger, and to prevent them from doing evil to others. And if they would not take his counsel, it was his duty, for their good, to correct them, and make them obey; and if they were disposed to do an injury to others, it was his duty to restrain them, and protect the innocent and weak from being injured by them; and that to feed a child, and to correct it

properly, came alike from the same spirit of love: it was intended for good. Just so God governed us out of love. He forbade us to sin, but would punish us for it, if we committed it; and if we would not forsake it, he would banish us to hell for ever.

CHAPTER III.

Interesting examination of the leaders at the quarterly conference—Cleanliness promoted—Better treatment of women—Wicked conduct of traders—Scruples of the chiefs respecting holding civil offices—The author removes their doubts—His reasoning on this topic—Interesting camp meeting on Delaware circuit—Profitable quarterly meeting at the mission—Meeting at the Big Spring—Conversion of an Indian woman on the way, while riding to it—Baptisms and marriages—Organization of two small schools—Erection of the mission house—Dangerous illness of the author, occasioned by hard labor at the house—Illness of Mrs. Finley—Both recover slowly—Their great sufferings—Evil surmisings respecting Stewart—Bishop M'Kendree purchases a farm for him, and provides for his family—Ill health of the author—Unable to receive a re-appointment to the mission—Correspondence with Rev. J. Soule and Rev. S. G. Roszel—Speech of Between-the-logs at conference—Bishop M'Kendree's reply.

When our official men became acquainted with their duty, they were very punctual, and strict in watching over one another. I recollect well, that at the last quarterly meeting we held this year, in the examination of characters, I called the name of one of the chiefs, who was a leader, and asked if there was any thing against him. One rose and said, "I heard that he cut wood on Sabbath evening." He answered, "Yes, I did on one

occasion; but it was last winter, and it was exceedingly cold, and I thought I must freeze or cut wood, and I chose the latter. But I do not think there was much harm in that." I then asked him where he was the day before the Sabbath. He said he was abroad. I asked him if his business was not such that he could have been at home, if he had tried. "O yes," said he, "it was not very pressing." I then said, I think your neglect on Saturday made you break the Sabbath. You ought to recollect the Sabbath is the Lord's day entirely, and he has commanded us not to do our own work. He then said, "I will remember this, and do so no more."

The next was accused with having sold a pound of sugar on the Sabbath. He confessed the charge to be true; but said that he had forgotten entirely that it was the Sabbath, and he would do so no more.

Another was accused of neglecting his class as leader; that he spent too much of his time in the woods hunting, and neglected his work; that he was too worldly to lead people in the way to God; that a leader ought always to keep his eyes fixed on God and the road to heaven, and walk in it, for if he stepped out of the way, his flock would all follow him—then he must look to his feet.

Another was accused of being too dirty in his clothing. "Look at his shirt," said his accuser, "it

looks as if it had never been washed. Now, if I know any thing about religion, it is a *clean thing.* It certainly has made our women more particular, and nice in their persons. They now work, and clean themselves and their houses, and all looks as if religion had been at that house. And if religion cleanses the inside, will it not the outside? That brother is too dirty to be a leader of a clean religion. Look at his head—it has not been combed, nor his face washed. I give it as my opinion, if that brother does not mend in this, he must be no longer a leader. We must set some better example before our people." The accused arose and said, that he had no wife, and that he was a poor hand to wash, and could not get it done; but hoped to do some better. His accuser said, "Your want of a wife is no excuse. We have women enough in our nation that have no husbands, and feel themselves lost for want of a head. They would marry if asked, and will make wives good enough for any of us. But some of our men are afraid to get wives now: they cannot throw them away when they please, but must now stick to them. Our women do not now cultivate our corn, cut our wood, and do all our work as they used to do. This falls on ourselves; and I am afraid there are some who are too lazy to provide for their wives, and would rather live dirty, and lounge about other people's houses, than to work a little." This was a word in season,

and had the desired effect, for in a week or two I was called on to marry my old brother; and afterwards he appeared like a man that had a wife.

Through the spring our religious prospects improved; the nation became much more attentive to hear the word; our leaders and exhorters grew in grace, and became better acquainted with the plan of salvation.

The heathen party made every exertion, however, to keep up their old Indian religion, and were much encouraged to do so by the counsel of the wicked traders and venders of spirituous liquors. Many things were circulated among them unfavorable to religion, the Bible, and to ministers. The heathen party were encouraged to drink, and all advantages were taken of their intoxication to cheat them out of their property. Great exertions were made by them to put down those chiefs, and their influence, that had embraced religion; but this was not easily done. At length they made use of stratagem for that purpose; and no doubt they were induced so to do by designing white men. It was stated to our chiefs that, as they had now become religious and preachers, it was wrong for them to hold civil offices; and that, as they had now engaged in a new business, of a holy nature, they ought to give them up.

Sometime in June, we went, and many of the Indians with us, to a camp meeting on Delaware

circuit, held by the Rev. G. R. Jones and others. On the second day of this meeting, the Indian chiefs, Between-the-logs, Mononcue, and Hicks, took me into the woods, and, by the interpreter, asked my advice on the subject: whether it was incompatible with a religious life and the life of an exhorter, to hold a civil office. I told them it was the good men who ought to hold office, for it was the man that feared God, only, that was likely to be governed by proper motives in this great work; that the greatest chief we ever had in America, (WASHINGTON,) was a good man; and that the first governor of our state, (Dr. Tiffin,) was a Methodist preacher; and the world had always done best under good kings and governors. They then asked me if it was right for them to be chiefs and exhorters too. I told them it was; and asked, "What will now become of this nation, and your school and mission, if you give up your authority into the hands of the savage party? Will not drunkenness abound, and your nation go into ruin? You have hard work, with all your authority and wisdom, to get along now; and what will it be if you give it up? Wicked white men will manage and govern your wicked Indians, for they will go together; and you will soon be driven from your homes." They said they plainly saw it; but were told that as religious men, they must lay down the one when they took up the other. I told them it

was a trick of some wicked men, to get the power out of their hands; that they must do as they pleased, but that they should by no means think of giving up their place as chiefs in the nation. After counseling with one another, they sent me word that they would hold on.

This camp meeting was a good one. Some of the savage party were convinced and converted, and nine of them joined society. The Sabbath following was our quarterly meeting at the mission. The Sun of Righteousness rose upon us, with healing in his wings. We met on Saturday, about noon. Some had collected, and encamped on the ground. We commenced by preaching, and afterwards a prayer meeting was held. By the time of the evening meeting, our company had increased to several hundreds. This was a solemn and impressive scene. The tents were stretched around to the number of sixty or seventy. The dim light of the Indian fires; the tinkling of the numerous horse-bells, (for almost every Indian has a horse, and every horse a bell;) the horses feeding on the blue grass plain; the candles fixed on sticks, stuck in the ground; the light reflecting from the green boughs that hung over us; the soft and mellow voices of three or four hundred Indians, rising and seemingly filling the blue vault with heavenly echoes; and the grove made vocal with the praises of the Great Spirit, formed a scene delightfully in-

teresting and sublime. Here the red men prostrated themselves, and in fervent prayer to God, called for mercy, in the name of "Shasus," (Jesus;) while others, with hearts filled with penitential sorrow, cried with loud voices, "Tamentare, tamentare! Homendezue!" (Take pity on us, take pity on us! O Great Spirit!) After preaching an exhortation was given; when we called up the mourners, and many came, whose faces were suffused with tears. This meeting lasted nearly all night. On Sabbath morning was our love feast, which commenced with great solemnity and fervent prayer. After the bread and water were distributed, we commenced speaking of the goodness of God: and I am sure this scene cannot be described. Here I fully realized the saying of the prophet Isaiah xxxv, 1, 2, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." The red men and women rose in quick succession, and told of the grace of God, through Christ Jesus, in their awakening and conversion to God, until we were overwhelmed with his goodness, and all united in giving glory to God in the highest. After a little respite, a sermon was delivered on the subject of the sacrament, as an institution to be observed by the disciples of Christ. Then we proceeded to the administration of the Lord's supper. The humble

believer felt he had not followed cunningly devised fables, but that the Gospel and its ordinances, are the power of God to all that believe in Christ. Here many that were enemies to the cross of Christ, by wicked works, stood amazed and trembled, wept and cried for mercy, while others shouted for joy.

This scene is properly represented by Ezra iii, 12, 13, "They wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people: for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." A number were converted and joined the Church. This quarterly meeting was the beginning of good times in this nation.

The Sabbath following we had our meeting at the Big Spring, and many went from the Great reservation. As we were riding through a low swampy piece of road, we saw an Indian woman riding alone before us, wrapped up in her blanket. She was seeking religion, and praying as she rode along. All at once, she let go the bridle, and began to clap her hands and shout, "Oramah, oramah! Homendezue!" (Glory, glory! to the Great Spirit!) Her horse set off on a gallop; but she paid no attention to it. One of our company rode after her, overtook her, and stopped her horse; and when we came up, we had a joyful time.

This meeting was excelled by none that we ever had. It seemed as if all came together in the spirit of prayer; and such a travail of soul for the conversion of sinners, I have seldom if ever seen; for we had not been more than an hour upon our knees, until the Holy Ghost fell upon us. Sinners fell—mourners were converted—parents and children, husbands and wives, embraced each other, and gave praise to God, who, by sending his servants and Gospel among them, had saved them from their darkness, and that death that never dies. Ten joined class.

Through the course of this year I baptized a number of adults, and many children. I also joined many of them in matrimony, some of whom had children and grand-children; and among the Christian party a general disposition prevailed to comply with all the institutions of the Gospel.

It was impossible for us to do much in the school this year, for the want of proper buildings. We took into our family six children, whom we kept and taught through the winter; and when spring came, we took a few more: in all ten. They were taught by sister H. Stubbs, who had volunteered to leave her comfortable home, and go with us to the wilderness. She taught them sometimes in the house, and sometimes in a bower, or in the woods, under the shade of the trees. Brother Stewart also taught a small school of twelve scholars, at the Big

Spring, through the winter. All these children made good progress in learning. The old people were much pleased; and though our success was doubted by some at the commencement of this work, I now found that we could have as many as could be accommodated. In the mean time, we were not inattentive to the improvement of the farm. Arrangements were made to build a double house, forty-eight feet long by thirty-two feet wide, including the porches. The materials for this building brother Riley and myself prepared through the winter; and by spring, we had all ready on the ground, except lime. We commenced putting up the building, and by the last of July it was nearly finished. We now prepared to burn lime; and in this work I labored too hard, frequently having to pull off my shirt, and wring the sweat out of it. Here I laid the foundation of much future suffering. On the 14th of July, the day I was forty years old, I was taken sick, for the first time in my life. This affliction confined me a long time. My wife was taken sick the next day, with the same complaint, and no physician was near to prescribe for us, nor scarcely any medicine wherewith to relieve ourselves. There were but two girls and brother Riley to take care of us. For two weeks I lay in this situation; and I do not believe my fever abated in the least degree. It was expected we should both die; and my dear wife was speechless for sometime.

One of the girls said to me, "Your wife is dying." I rose from the bed to take my farewell. Some of the Indians were standing at the door. I said to her, "Are you happy in God? Do you feel that you are near your home? I expect to follow you in a day or two; and then, glory be to God, we shall cease from our labors, and our souls will be at rest." I saw by her eyes and countenance, that her soul was happy. The big tears rolled down her pale and death-like cheeks. At length the love of God in her soul, so overcame the weakness of her body, that she began to whisper, "Glory, glory!" She spoke louder and louder, until you could have heard her ten rods. We all caught the fire, and I too shouted aloud. Brother Riley, the girls, and the Indians, came in, and brother Gray-eyes ran and fell down at the bed-side, and shouted, "Glory to God!" O! what a heaven we had here in the midst of our sickness. I felt that if it had been the will of God, I should like to die. From this time my wife began to mend a little; but my fever continued. At midnight I called up brother Riley, and requested him to go to the spring, and bring me two buckets of cold water. This he did, and I got him to pour them slowly upon me, and then to wet a sheet and put it on my head, and pour cold water on it plentifully. This application, with the blessing of God, was the first thing that gave me relief, and cooled my fever. The next day Dr. Sabin came

from Urbana, and most affectionately waited on us several days. But it was a long time—not until sometime in the fall—before we recovered, so as to be able to do full work.

Stewart was my colleague in this work, all this year; and although he was deeply afflicted, yet he did what he could. Some of the wicked whites had prevailed on the Indians, the fall I was appointed to the mission, to turn him away, and not to have him as their preacher. They said that as he was a colored man, the whites would not have him to preach for *them*, although they considered him good enough to teach *Indians;* and that it was a degradation to the nation to have a colored man for their preacher. And, indeed, they had nearly gone so far as to discharge him in form. But when I came, I told them it would never do. He was their first teacher, and good white men would look upon them as ungrateful; and further, that John Stewart had been appointed to help me, and if they turned him away, they must send me also. I heard no more of this; but it seemed as if the devil and his agents could not be quiet.

The next report that was put in circulation, was, that we had come and entered into Stewart's labors, and had thrown him off without any support. Nothing was ever more false. The first appropriation that was made to brother Stewart, was money to purchase a horse, and to pay for clothing he had

bought. This was made in 1820, besides which he received many presents from friends in and about Urbana. He married that year a woman of his own color, and wished to have a place of his own. The venerable Bishop M'Kendree, of blessed memory, collected one hundred dollars to purchase a fraction of land adjoining the Indian reservation, of upwards of sixty acres, on which there were some improvements made by the Indians. This money was remitted to me, and was paid for Stewart's land; so that the patent was obtained in his own name. Thus, through the Bishop and his friends, John had, in the spring of 1821, a good farm given to him; and I was ordered by Bishop M'Kendree, to furnish his family with provisions; which I did when I could get them for myself; and so I continued to do, as much as he would take. I mention this to show the world that the statement was unfounded. On this place John Stewart resided until he died; and then his wife and brother sold it, and appropriated the money to their own use.

For a more full account, the following letter, printed in the Methodist Magazine, for January, 1822, page 29, will be read with interest. It is a letter from the Rev. Joshua Soule, (since Bishop Soule,) inclosing a letter from the author:

"TO THE EDITORS OF THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

"*New York, November* 29, 1821.

"DEAR BRETHREN:—Hoping that the following extract of a letter from Rev. James B. Finley, missionary to the Wyandott and other Indians, may be a source of satisfaction and encouragement to the friends of Christian missions, I have thought proper to submit it to you for publication in the Magazine.

J. SOULE."

"*Upper Sandusky, November* 4, 1821.

"DEAR BROTHER:—Before these lines reach you, it is probable you will have information of my appointment as missionary to the Indians the present year. I left my dwelling on the 8th of October, with two wagons, loaded with our household goods, farming utensils, and other needful apparatus, to commence a missionary school among the Wyandott Indians, with a design to embrance any of the neighboring nations to which we may obtain access. After driving hard for eight days, I arrived at this place on the 16th, and immediately commenced building me a small house for present accommodation, as a shelter from the storm and cold. By constant labor, I have already made this habitation pretty comfortable: and although I am in the midst of savage men, and very much fatigued by hard work, yet the Lord is with me, and I have enjoyed

some precious moments, both in public and private. I feel much drawn out in prayer to God for the universal conversion of this people. I have tried to preach to them three Sabbaths, and our meetings have been gracious seasons. *Scutcash*, a chief of the Big Turtle tribe, is our class-leader; and last Sabbath, while he was speaking to the class, the Lord poured out his blessed Spirit, and we had a season of sweet refreshing from his presence. One of the old sisters, who has been much afflicted, said to me, 'Dear brother, I thank the Lord that you have come to us once more; and I thank the Great Spirit that he sent you, that I might hear once more the blessed word. It has given me much strength; and now my soul is full of love to Jesus and his people. My sickness is all nothing, and I am now ready to die. All that hinders me is my children: I am afraid they will be lost for ever.' She then began to exhort them to seek the Lord *now;* for *now*, said she, is the best time.

"Through bad management, some difficulties have arisen; but I have no doubt but I shall be able to have all difficulties adjusted and amicably settled. The prospect of being extensively useful to these children of the forest is truly pleasing. They are prepared to receive the instructions of religion, and almost universally willing that I should have their children to instruct. I have no doubt, but if I had the means to commence with, I could, within

two months, have fifty scholars. I have commenced a small school with fourteen of these native children. They learn fast, and can speak the letters plainly, and will soon be able to speak English.

"The Senecas wish to put under our care and tuition, fifteen or twenty of their children; and some of the Wyandotts, who are poor, and living in Canada, wish to send theirs also. Four of the chiefs have given me liberty to inclose as much ground for a farm as I please, and I can have the use of their saw-mill to cut plank, or any privilege I want, for the benefit of the institution. In a word, my dear brother, I believe the Lord has opened a great and effectual door to the Methodist Episcopal Church to do this people good, and to extend its missionary labor, and the knowledge and praise of the Savior's name.

"To put this establishment into complete operation, it will require for the first year, between two and three thousand dollars. But probably after the first year, one third of this sum will support the institution. It is my most ardent desire and prayer to God, that he would open the hearts of our brethren and friends to *lend Him* this small sum. If I had only the money which even the Methodists in your city, not to say in America, consume in smoking segars, chewing tobacco, and in other unnecessary expenditures, how many of these poor little naked savages could I feed and clothe, and

learn to read the word of God! O send over and help us! For the sake of Christ, and the souls of this people, get help from those who have to spare! Dear brother, I shall depend much on your exertions. Your last letter to me was one of the instruments that placed me in this forest. I am now in need of funds; but am still pressing on. I want to grasp all these children; and learn the girls to knit, sew, spin, weave, and the art of housewifery; and the boys agriculture; and all of them to read the Holy Scriptures, and serve the true God. This I know is a hard task; but by the grace of God, and the help of his friends, I shall succeed. I know I have the confidence of these Indians. God has opened my way, and I now see nothing to hinder my success, but a failure of means and labor. I am determined, by the help of God, not to stop at this nation, but to visit the Delawares, Senecas, Tawwas, and Chippewas. The two last live at Chicago, three hundred miles from this place. My interpreter can talk all the tongues, and the Lord has converted his soul, and he is willing and wants to go. I feel the heavenly flame run through my soul. I have confidence in God, that he will be with me in this important undertaking. Our conference is much in the spirit of the work. Clothes and food can be amply supplied in this country; but money is scarce, and the people are much in debt. I have confidence that you will do all for us

that lies in your power. Your extensive acquaintance with the preachers may afford you the means of aiding us, which others do not possess. I pledge myself that whatever may be collected for this purpose, shall be faithfully appropriated to the best advantage. My intention is to inclose a large pasture, and plant fifteen or twenty acres of corn, and sow as much wheat, if I can. This will enable me to support the institution the next year without purchasing provisions at a very dear rate, or conveying them through very bad roads from eighty to one hundred miles.

"Dear brother, pray for me and my family, which now consists of myself and wife, two young men, and two young women; but must be increased by two additional teachers, as soon as our school house is finished. Farewell. Write to me, and give all the instruction and encouragement you can.

"I am sincerely thine in the Lord,

"J. B. FINLEY."

"We may consider the opening of this mission among the aboriginals of our own country, as an auspicious prelude to the conversion of thousands and tens of thousands of these children of nature. After so long a time, the Christians of this happy land are waking up to the spiritual and eternal interests of their fellow men, who, although in-

habiting the same country, have never heard of salvation by the Son of God. Is it not remarkable that vast sums have been expended in this country, for the establishment of missions in India, while the numerous tribes of savages in our own neighborhood, have been almost entirely neglected? As all souls are of equal value in the sight of God, being all purchased by the blood of Christ, it should seem that, on this general principle, the heathen on our own continent, have an *equal* claim on the exertions of Christians. But there are various considerations which give the Indians of this country a claim on American Christians paramount to all others. Missions and schools may be established among the American tribes of Indians, with a trifling expense, when compared with those establishments in India or Africa.

"The friendly relation existing between many of these tribes and the United States, is a circumstance peculiarly favorable to the introduction and establishment of religion and civilization. But at the same time that I consider these relations favorable to missionary enterprise, I am fully persuaded that the conversion of these Indians, under God, *depends almost entirely upon the exertion of individuals.* State policy has seldom embraced the conversion and salvation of the souls of men. In every age of the world, the prevalence of true religion has depended more upon the zeal of indi-

viduals, than upon national authority and influence. The history of the Church will afford abundant proof of this. Nearly every missionary establishment in the world, at the present time, is supported by individuals. Perhaps our government has done more to encourage and support such exertions, than any other under heaven; and if, as Christians, we do not avail ourselves of this aid, we shall be doubly culpable.

"While writing these remarks, I have received information that delegates from a number of tribes of the western Indians, are now on a visit to the seat of our national government, with the most friendly disposition toward the United States, and desirous to see their *Great Father*, (the President,) as they are pleased to call him. Happy will it be for them, and for us, if their friendly visit prepares the way to introduce them and their respective tribes to the blessing of civilized life, and the light and comfort of the Gospel. I confess I feel an honest blush at the consideration that the Methodists should be behind any religious community in a work which is worthy of the zeal of apostles. It is deeply to be regretted that the intercourse of the Indians with the citizens of the States, has generally proved unfriendly to their religious, if not their civil, improvement. The reason is obvious. Such intercourse has furnished the Indians with opportunities to witness those vices which would

disgrace savage life, and at which the child of nature would blush. Ardent spirits, equally hostile to religion and civilization, have been made one of the principal articles of trade with these poor, untaught creatures. By this means, almost every disorder has been introduced among them. This tremendous engine of death, more destructive than weapons of war, has scattered its deadly venom into the abodes of savage life; domestic quietude, perhaps the greatest enjoyment of the Indian, is disturbed: in the fatal moment of intoxication, the parents rise against their children, and the children against their parents. Acts of violence and death follow in their train. Tribes are involved—war ensues—and slaughter, famine and desolation, like ferocious beasts, roam abroad through the wilderness. All these evils may be traced to their *cause*. To what? Ardent spirits! How will the dealers in this mortal poison answer at the righteous tribunal of their eternal Judge, for all the evils which result to the poor Indians from this deplorable traffick? Already the Indians have suffered irreparable injury; for it is much to be feared that many of them have been ruined for ever. In consequence of this ruinous course, the work of the missionary and of the civilian, has become doubly difficult. Measures must be adopted to stop the progress of this destructive traffick, or to counteract its pernicious

influence. Already thousands of Christians are presenting their petitions to the national authorities, praying for the arm of civil power to be stretched out, and for law to interpose between the Indians and destruction. We have, indeed, no expectation that civil authority will make them Christians, but we desire it may prevent unmerciful speculators from making them devils. The most effectual method of counteracting the pernicious influence of this practice, where it cannot be prevented, is to establish missions and schools amongst them: to instruct them in the useful arts, and bring them to the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. If St. Paul could say, 'I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise,' how much more are we debtors to the Indians of our own country? We are in possession of the soil, which, by the laws of nature, belonged to them. The same God hath created us. We are children of the same Father. What would our condition have been better than theirs, if others had not labored for our instruction and salvation? The time has come for the light of the Gospel to shine in the dark corners of the earth. It is ardently to be hoped that American Christians will not sit all the day idle, while such a vast field lies before them, white and ready for the harvest.

"J. Soule."

The following letter from the Rev. Stephen G. Roszel, will also aid in showing the state of things at this time:

"*Baltimore, January* 21, 1822.

"My Dear Brother:—Some of our young sisters are zealously engaged in this city, raising a juvenile society, the funds of which are to be applied to the education of the Indian children under your care. They give themselves the name of *The Finley and Juvenile Society.* This may satisfy you of the estimation in which they hold your laudable exertions to civilize and evangelize the savages of the west.

"The object of this letter is to obtain direct from you, what will be the probable expense of educating one Indian child per annum. Direct to me, to the care of the Rev. Abner Neal, No. 174, Market-street. I hope the good Lord will be with you, and give you great success and abundant fruit in your arduous labors; and although I cannot join you in the active business in which you are engaged, I assure you, you have my prayers; and I shall always feel a pleasure in raising all I can to aid you in your mission.

"We are progressing in our missionary societies, though we have but recently begun. In this conference we have already five or six promising societies. I shall not be surprised, if our preachers are

active in this good work, if our conference, in a few years, should raise a thousand dollars per annum for missionary purposes. Should the cause suffer or languish, it will be for want of zeal in the ministry; and if all our superintendents were as much in the spirit of the work as Bishop M'Kendree, they would inspire the preachers on this subject.

"Yours, in much love,

"Stephen G. Roszel."

The next letter from Mr. Soule will also present the views entertained at that time, by this distinguished man, concerning the evangelization of the heathen:

"*New York, March* 15, 1822.

"My Dear Brother:—Your letter, giving an account of the state of the Wyandott mission under your care, was duly received, and such extracts from it as were thought proper were published, both in the Magazine, and in a separate missionary notice. This notice has been sent into almost all parts of the Atlantic states, and I am happy to say, has been productive of the most blessed consequences. Many have been stirred up to zeal and activity in the blessed cause of missions; and especially in Baltimore a juvenile society has been recently formed, the funds of which are to be exclusively appropriated to the support of the Wyandott mission.

"I took the liberty to represent to the bishops, by letter to Augusta, the seat of the South Carolina Conference, the situation of that mission, and the necessity of making appropriations accordingly; at the same time, informing them that there were three thousand dollars in the treasury, subject to their order.

"In answer to this letter I received an order to pay over to you, for the benefit of the missionary establishment under your care, one thousand dollars. At the same time, Bishop George desires me to request you, in his name, to write to him to meet him at the Baltimore Conference, and let him know whether this sum of one thousand dollars will answer your purposes. I have thought it proper to write to you before I made any remittance, that I might receive such information from you as would enable me to remit to you with the greatest safety. If you could draw on me, and sell the draft there, at a considerable premium for such money as would answer your purposes, perhaps it would be the best, as it would certainly be the safest way.

"Should you be unable to sell drafts on me in this way, write to me, and let me know particularly what kind of money to send to you; (perhaps notes of the United States Bank would be as good as any for you;) and what quantity at a time, as it will be the safest to send it in perhaps three or four

remittances; also give me particular information how to direct.

"I desire to know the state of the mission in general, especially of the school, and whether any of the converted Indians are learning to read. I have a particular desire to make a present of a large quarto Bible to one of the Christian chiefs of the Wyandott nation, with his name printed on the cover, in golden capitals. If such a present would be acceptable and *useful*, let me know, and name in your next letter the chief to whom it will be most proper to make the present. Be careful to have the name spelt *right* and *plain*.

"The great Head of the Church is marching in majesty through our land. Blessed be God, the western wilderness begins to bud and blossom like the rose. Farewell, my brother. The Lord give thee the souls of the Indians as thy hire.

"JOSHUA SOULE."

"N. B. Your proposed history of the Indians, I think, would be highly interesting. I should be glad to contribute all in my power."

As soon as the health of my wife would admit, we started for the settlement; and after much and deep affliction, we reached Urbana, and were kindly received by our friends, brother Reynolds and wife, and many others. This year our annual conference

was held in the town of Marietta. Three of our chiefs were appointed by the quarterly meeting conference to attend the annual conference, and were conducted there by brother Jacob Hooper. It was with great difficulty that I reached it; and had it not been for the kindness of brothers A. W. Elliott, Wright, and Strange, I could not have got along. They once took me out of the carriage, and laid me on the ground to die. Brother Elliott took off his hat, and brought me a little water from a small stream, to cool my parched mouth; and my good brother Wright staid and conveyed me to the place where conference met.

Three chiefs, as above stated, and an interpreter, (William Walker, Jr.,) attended the conference, held August, 1822. The following is the address of Between-the-logs, followed by those of Hicks and Mononcue, as delivered to the conference, interpreted by the interpreter, and taken down as uttered, by the Rev. Cornelius Springer, secretary of the conference. Bishop M'Kendree's reply is also added:

"Brothers, we have all met here in peaceful times, and feel happy to see you all well; and your business seems to go on in good order and peace. This being the day appointed to hear us speak on the subject of our school and mission, which you have established among us, we think it proper to let you know that when our father, the President,

sent to us to buy our land, and we all met at Fort Meigs, that it was proposed that we should have a school among us, to teach our children to read; and many of the chiefs of our nation agreed that it was right, and that it was a subject on which we ought to think. To this, after consulting, we all consented. But government has not yet sent us a teacher. Brothers, you have, and we are glad and thankful the mission and school are in a prosperous way, and we think will do us much good to come. Many ministers of the Gospel have come to us in our land, who seemed to love us dearly, and offered to send us ministers and teachers to establish missions and schools among us; but we always refused, expecting government would send us some, which they promised to do, and which was most consistent with the wishes of our chiefs: but when you sent our first brother to preach, we were pleased, and listened with attention. Then when you sent our good brother Finley, we rejoiced, for we all thought he was a good man, and loved our nation and children, and was always ready to do us good; and when he moved out, all our chiefs received him with joy, and our people were all very glad. Brothers, we are sorry to tell you that this is not so now. Since that time some of the chiefs have withdrawn their warm love, and this influences others to do so too. Brothers, they have not done as well as we expected, and we feel aston-

ished at the conduct of our chiefs: they have backslidden. But there are some of us yet in favor of this mission, if the rest have gone backwards; and we still wish to have the mission continued, and school also. Though the chiefs have mostly left us, yet there are four faithful ones among us, (viz., Between-the-logs, Hicks, Mononcue, and Peacock.) Brothers, we know the cause why they have withdrawn. It was the words of the Gospel. Brothers, it is too sharp for them: it cuts too close. It cuts all the limbs of sin from the body, and they dont like it; but we (meaning the other four) are willing to have all the limbs of sin cut from our bodies, and live holy. We want the mission and school to go on, and we believe that the great God will not suffer them to fall through; for, brothers, he is very strong, and this, brothers, is our great joy. The wicked that do not like Jesus, raise up their hands and do all they can to discourage and destroy the love of the little handful; and with their lands they cover over the roots of wickedness. But, brothers, they may do all they can to stop it, the work will go on and prosper, for the great God Almighty holds it up with his hand. When you placed my Finley amongst us in our own country, we rejoiced; and we have been much pleased with his living amongst us ever since. He is a plain man: he does not flatter our people: he preaches plain truth. He says to them, this is the way to life, and

this is the way to damnation. Brothers, we suppose this is the reason why some have turned enemies to our brother; but he pleases all those who are willing to serve God, and love his ways; therefore, we have nothing to fear concerning the mission and school. They are built on a solid rock, and look like prospering. For our parts, we have no learning, and we are now getting old, and it is hardly worth our while to trouble ourselves about learning now; but we want very much our children learned, and we hope our school and mission will do great good for them."

Here Between-the-logs stopped, and JOHN HICKS arose and said, "Brothers, I feel great thanks toward our heavenly Father, for keeping us and bringing us here. Not long ago one of my brethren asked me my opinion of the school. I told him I would send all my children, for this reason: Not a great while ago I stood in darkness, and knew but little of God, and all I did know was dark; so that I could not see clear. But I heard our brethren preach out of the good Book of God. This word waked up my mind, and cut my heart. Brothers, it brought me to pray, and seek, and love the great God of heaven and his ways. This is the reason I want my children to learn to read the great Book of God, and understand it, and get religion, that they may be happy in this world and the next. Brothers, I dont want to be long on the subject,

but will let you know that I am of the same opinion with my brother that spoke before me, with respect to our brother Finley. I hope you will still continue him with us; he has done us much good; he has been the means of converting souls; so that many bad men have become good men, and very wicked sinners have turned to the Lord, and now keep his good words. May the Great Spirit keep him amongst us, and bless his labors."

Then he took his seat, and brother MONONCUE spoke as follows: "Brothers, I have not much to say. You see us all three to-day, in health and peace, for which we are very thankful to God. You will not expect much from me on the subject of the mission and school, as my brothers have spoken before me all that is necessary. I wish just to say, we want our brother Finley still to live amongst us. For my part, last year I expected he would come amongst us, and it turned out so, and I was very glad, and I am still much pleased with him. The conference made a good choice; it was our choice; and the Good Spirit was pleased to give it to us. He has a particular manner of teaching and preaching to us, different from other teachers who have been amongst us; and God owns and blesses his labors. May he still go on and prosper. We want him amongst us still. I know that the words he speaks are of God. When he preaches, I feel his truth in my heart—in my soul. O brothers!

it makes my soul happy. All of us want him with us: his life amongst us is very useful, because it is straight. He was very industrious all the time he has been with us, and learns our people to work; and since he has left us, we have been lost, though it has been but a few days. We have felt as if our oldest brother was taken from us, and the place where he lived all looked sorry. But what feelings of joy did we feel in our hearts when we met our brother at this place, and took him by the hand! We thank the Almighty God who has spared our brother. The great objections that our chiefs have against our brother Finley is: A colored man that preached to us used to feed them on milk. This they liked very well; but our brother Finley fed them on meat. This was too strong for them, and so they will not eat. But those that want to love God and his ways, could eat both milk and meat; it does well with us, and we feel always hungry for more." After requesting the conference to employ a steady interpreter for the use of the school and Gospel, he sat down.

Bishop M'Kendree replied in substance as follows: "We are glad—we are exceedingly joyful, to see this day; for we have long been anxious to see the time when our red brethren of the west would embrace religion. Our joy is abundantly increased when we see you face to face, and hear the Gospel from your own mouths. We are well dis-

posed towards you. In us you have real friends; and you may be well assured that our kindness will be continued. We will make every exertion possible to educate and instruct your children. These men (alluding to the conference) are not the only friends you have. You have many throughout the country in general. In the great cities, the white people feel for their red brethren, and are forming societies to send them help. The Great Spirit has come, not only on the old men, but also on the little children. In Baltimore, there is a society formed for the purpose of sending help to educate your children. If you will stand by us, we will stand by you. We will unite with you in prayer for your success, and for the conversion of your brethren who have backslidden and left you; and if you continue faithful, God will convince them, and they will return to you again. But in all this let us look up to God for success."

CHAPTER IV.

The author is appointed to the Lebanon district, and superintendent of the mission—Charles Elliott is appointed missionary—Arrives at Sandusky early in October—A school committee appointed—A school opened, and becomes very large—Two teachers, viz., William Walker, Jr., and Lydia Barstow, appointed—Revival among the children—The author quits the district, and takes charge of the mission—Brother Elliott is employed in making collections for the mission—Opposition of the heathen party—Bloody-eyes determines to kill his brother, Between-the-logs—The author's encounter with the head chief, De-un-quot, and his party—Their dress—The chief maintains that there are two gods, one of the whites, another of the red men—The author's reply to this theory—Pertinent remarks of Between-the-logs—The head chief dies shortly after—His wife joins the Church—Difficulty in exercising Discipline—A curious case between a trader and Between-the-logs.

Such was the state of my own health and that of my wife, that at the conference held at Marietta, in August, 1822, it was thought doubtful whether I could take my stand again at the mission. Therefore, my name was set down to the Lebanon district, and superintendent of the mission, with the understanding that if my health returned, I was to go back, and brother John Strange was to take my place on the district. Brother Charles Elliott was appointed missionary, and also to take charge of

the school. Brother Elliott arrived at the mission house on the 1st of October, and commenced his labors. The house now being in a state of readiness to receive scholars on a larger scale than before, the school increased rapidly. I did not reach the place until the last of October. We then held our sacramental meeting, and a council with the chiefs. We fixed on a time to commence the school; and lest some difficulty might take place to the disadvantage of the institution, we appointed a school committee, consisting of five persons, who were considered the most substantial members of the Wyandott society, four of them being chiefs of the nation, viz., Between-the-logs, John Hicks, Mononcue, Peacock, and Squire Gray-eyes. These were to oversee the conduct of the children, and if any difficulty should arise between the teacher and the parents or guardians of the children, or should any of the children misbehave or become unruly, the matter was to be submitted to the committee, who, after the parties were heard, should determine what was to be done in the case. And if any evil report should be raised against the school, and should the parents or guardians become uneasy, this committee was to examine into it, and make it plain and satisfactory to the nation. Having thus agreed on the plan of governing the school, I returned to the district. A short time after this, brother Elliott wrote to me that the school had increased beyond

all expectation, and that the children were much in need of clothing. As soon as possible, I went to their relief with a supply, which lasted until spring. The school became so large that it was now thought necessary to employ a male and female teacher. William Walker, Jr., was employed to good advantage, as he belonged to the nation, and could speak their language; and sister Lydia Barstow was their female teacher.

This winter the work of God commenced in the mission family, and many of the children embraced religion. It was not unusual for them in the evening, to sing and pray together, and sometimes they would meet each other in class meeting. Before they lay down to sleep, I have stood in the evening, and heard them in the bushes at secret prayer, and so much engaged that they would break out into shouts. First one, and then another, would go and join in singing; and others collecting together with them, they would have a prayer meeting. Sister Barstow was well calculated to watch over and teach them in their spiritual interests, and frequently held prayer and class meetings with them. Wm. Walker, Jr., the school teacher, sought and found the Lord, and became very zealous in the cause. We formed a class at the mission house, of the children, boys and girls, and appointed him leader. While God thus blessed us at home, the work spread through the nation, and our meetings

were almost every one crowded with the conversion of souls, so that the society grew from sixty-five to upwards of two hundred.

Circumstances made it necessary for me to quit the district, and stay all the time at the mission, and brother Elliott spent much of his time in collecting things for the mission.

The prosperity of the Church excited a great opposition in the heathen party, so that we had some long combats on the subject of religion. Bloody-eyes, the brother of Between-the-logs, went to his brother's house one day to kill him for departing from their Indian religion. He seized him by the hair, and stood with his tomahawk drawn, while Between-the-logs said, "Brother, have I done you any harm? am I not as kind to you as ever I was? If you will kill me for loving you and my God, you may, but I will not hurt you; and I know if you do kill me, I shall go straight to heaven, for I feel the love of God now in my soul." This caused Bloody-eyes to desist, saying, "I will give you one year to think and turn back;" and so he left him. Sometime after this, Between-the-logs sent for me one evening. I went, and to my surprise, found there his brother, Bloody-eyes, the interpreter, and another person. After supper and a smoke of the pipe of peace, he commenced on the subject of religion, and soon got the old man and myself engaged in a conversation, which lasted

until nine o'clock next day. He agreed that he would try and reform his life, and seek the salvation of his soul. This he did, joined society, and died afterwards in great peace.

Sometime after this, the head chief, De-un-quot, and his party, came one Sabbath to the council house, where we held our meetings, dressed up and painted in real savage Indian style, with their head bands filled with silver bobs, their head-dress consisting of feathers and painted horse hair. The chief had a half moon of silver on his neck before, and several hangings on his back. He had nose-jewels and ear-rings, and many bands of silver on his arms and legs. Around his ankles hung many buck-hoofs, to rattle when he walked. His party were dressed in a similar style. The likenesses of animals were painted on their breasts and backs, and snakes on their arms. When he came in, he addressed the congregation in Indian style, with a polite compliment; and then taking his seat, struck fire, took out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking. Others of his party followed his example. I knew this was done by way of opposition, and designed as an insult. Soon after, I took my text, John v, 16, "Wilt thou be made whole?" &c.; and commenced on the diseases of man's soul, and showed from history, the injustice of one nation to another; the treatment of the white people to the natives of North and South America; the conduct

of man to his brother, and his conduct to himself, his drunkenness, &c.; and that all the good we have comes from God, to make us happy. But that we, from the badness of our hearts, use these blessings to our own hurt; and that all evil proceeds out of the heart: therefore, all our hearts must be evil, and that continually; that we are proud, and of this we have an example before us, in our grandfather, the head chief. Surely these things can do him no good, but to feed a proud heart. They will not warm his body when cold, nor feed him when he is hungry.

As soon as I sat down, he arose with all the dignity of an Indian, and spoke as follows: "My friends, this is a pretty day, and your faces all look pleasantly. I thank the Great Spirit that he has permitted us to meet. I have listened to your preacher. He has said some things that are good, but they have nothing to do with us: we are Indians, and belong to the red man's God. That Book was made by the white man's God, and suits them. They can read it—we cannot; and what he has said, will do for white men, but with us it has nothing to do. Once, in the days of our grandfathers, many years ago, this white man's God came himself to this country and claimed us. But our God met him somewhere near the great mountains, and they disputed about the right to this country. At last they agreed to settle this question by trying

their great power to remove a mountain. The white man's God got down on his knees, opened a big Book, and began to pray and talk, but the mountain stood fast. Then the red man's God took his magic wand, and began to pow-wow, and beat the turtle shell, and the mountain trembled, shook, and stood by him. The white man's God got scared, and ran off, and we have not heard of him since, unless he has sent these men to see what they can do." All the time he was speaking, the heathen party were on tiptoe, and often responded, saying, "*Tough gondee*," that is, *true* or *right;* and seemed to think they had won the victory.

As soon as he sat down, I arose and said, "Our grandfather is a great man—he is an able warrior, a great hunter, and a good chief in many things; and in all this, I am his son. But when it comes to matters of religion, he is my son, and I am his father. He has told us a long and queer story. I wonder where he obtained it! He may have dreamed it, or he has heard some drunken Indian tell it; for you know that drunkards always see great sights, and have many revelations, which sober men never have." (Here my old friend Mononcue said, "*Tough gondee.*") "But my friend, the head chief, is mistaken about his gods; for if it requires a God for every color, there must be many more gods. This man is black, (pointing to Pointer,) I am white, and you are red. Who made

the black man? where is *his* God? This Book tells you and me, that there is but *one* God, and that he made all things, and all nations of the earth of *one blood*, to dwell together; and a strong evidence is, that the difference of color is no obstacle to generation. God has diversified the color of the plants. Go to the plains, and see how varied they are in their appearance. Look at the beasts: they are of all colors. So it is with men. God has given them all shades of color, from the jet black to the snow white. Then your being a red man, and I a white man, is no argument at all that there are two gods. And I again say, that this Book is true, in what it states of man having a bad heart, and being wicked; and that my friend has a proud heart, is evident from his dress, and painting himself. God made me white, and that man black. We are contented. But my friend does not think the Great Spirit has made him pretty enough—he must put on his paint and make himself look better. This is a plain proof that he is a proud man, and has an evil heart." Seeing that the chief was angry, I said, "My grandfather will not get angry at his son for telling him the truth, but he might if I had told him a lie."

He then rose, considerably excited, saying, "I am not angry; but you cannot show in all your Book, where an Indian is forbid to paint. You may find where white people are forbid, but you cannot

show where an Indian is." I then arose, and read from the third chapter of Isaiah, at the sixteenth verse; and told him that these people were not white men, as the Americans, and yet were forbidden to use those foolish ornaments. He arose and said I had not read it right. I then handed the Book to one of the Mr. Walkers, and he read and interpreted it; so that the old man was at last confounded, and said no more.

Then Between-the-logs rose and said, "I am glad that this day has come, and we have all heard for ourselves." Then turning to the head chief, he addressed him thus: "You ought to examine your religion well, and see that it be true; for if you are lost, you will take with you all these men, and many others. The strength and truth of religion are known by its fruits. Has your religion made you better men? I know the strength of both. I followed yours to the end, and it never did me any good; but I still was a bad man, with a bad heart. I have tried the religion of this Book. I have prayed to God as it told me, and he has answered me from heaven, and made my heart better. I have ceased getting drunk, and laid aside all other bad practices; and now I have peace. I will make a bargain with you this day. You go on your own way, and take all that company with you; and if you are all lost, you shall bear the whole blame and punishment; and I will take these, (pointing to the

Christian party,) and if they will walk according to this Book, I will take the blame and punishment, if they are lost." But De-un-quot said, "No—I am the head of the nation, and the head ought to be believed. With these arms I can take hold of both parties, and try to keep you both steady."

This ended the controversy, and I believe I was never again attacked in public. But on one occasion, when there was a great and good work, and several had joined society, the head chief said, "This religion may go into all the houses on this reservation, but into mine it shall not come." In less than a year, the old man was called away by death. A short time after, Between-the-logs, at a meeting, called the attention of the congregation to what De-un-quot had said. Said he, "God has taken him out of the door, and now let his wife and children take in Christ. He has taken Winnetauke, and others, that stood in the door, and he will soon take away all that stand in the door; for you might as well stop the roaring thunder-storm, by lifting up your hand, as to stop this religion. God has said it shall go unto all nations; and who can overcome God? None." The head chief's wife then came forward, joined the Church, and asked them to come and hold prayer meeting at her house. So the Lord got into the head chief's house, and his family embraced religion. Reader, are you standing

in the door? Take care that you are not taken out of it, to admit the Lord into your family.

We had some difficulties arising from the administration of Discipline. The total ignorance of the Indians respecting Discipline was the cause. It was a hard task for them to learn the reason for, and the object to be obtained, by a wholesome government. Here I will relate a case. Charges were brought against Between-the-logs for the non-payment of a debt, contracted with an Indian trader some years before. The circumstances were these: Between-the-logs took between three and four hundred raccoon skins to market, and went to a trader to sell them. The trader offered twenty-five cents per skin, part in goods and part in money. Between-the-logs refused it, saying he must have fifty cents. The trader said that the price of raccoon skins had fallen, and none were giving more than twenty-five cents. After much persuasion, and declaring that he had told him the truth, the trader offered, in addition to the twenty-five cents, a small premium, so that he obtained the old man's winter hunting at that price. Between-the-logs then went to another trader, who asked him what he had done with his winter's skins? To this he replied, that he had sold them to Mr. ——. "How much," said the trader, "did you get for them?" "Twenty-five cents," said Between-the-logs—"half in cash

and the rest in goods." "Well," said the trader, "if you had come to me, I would have given you fifty cents; for skins here bear a good price this year." From this place Between-the-logs went to Urbana; and, on inquiring, ascertained that he had been deceived both in the price of the skins and of the goods also; for the goods were much dearer than he could have purchased them in Urbana. This raised his Indian temper. But while he remained at Urbana, the trader to whom he had sold his skins, came, with a wagon load of fur, to get more dry goods. "Now," said Between-the-logs, "I will trap him, if I can." He wanted saddlery; and as he requested the trader to go his security, which he readily did, Between-the-logs purchased, on his credit, the amount out of which he had cheated him. He then said, "You have set your trap and caught me: now I have caught you in mine, and we are even." When the saddler called for his money, the trader had to pay it. Between-the-logs refused to pay the trader, saying, "You have cheated me by lying, and I have now caught you." This trader complained of Between-the-logs to the other Christian chiefs, and they would not rest, for they thought it a disgrace to religion. I, therefore, called a committee, and the trial commenced. This produced great excitement. To try an Indian chief was an unheard of thing. I labored all night to convince him that he must not do evil that good

might come by it; for, said I, if my neighbor does wrong, I must not do wrong to match him. But he insisted that on the principles of sheer justice to himself and his family, he had done no wrong; that the trader had put his hand into his pocket, and all he had done was to put his hand into the trader's pocket, and take his own back. He could see no crime in that. As the trader had got his money, he was not the sufferer, and he thought it was just. I then labored to persuade him to compromise the matter; but he said he would have nothing to do with the man, for he was a notorious cheat. But he would make a proposition to his accusers, if they would accept of it. He said he would be perfectly satisfied to leave the whole business to me. He said furthermore, that he had a steer, which I might take, and do with it in the case as I thought best and right; for he was confident that I knew more about the principles of justice between man and man, than he did. But his mind was fixed, and he thought it would never alter. So all the parties agreed to leave it to me. With the steer I paid the trader, and so the thing was adjusted.

CHAPTER V.

The author visits neighboring tribes—Conversation with the chiefs on the difference between Methodist and Presbyterian doctrine—Visit to the Mohawks—Dangerous passage over Honey creek—Interesting meeting and formation of a class among the Mohawks—Visit to the Senecas—The Seneca feast—Reception of the Wyandotts—Speech respecting the Seneca prophet—Preliminary answer of Between-the-logs—Commences a religious meeting—Admirable speech on the superiority of the Christian over the Indian religion—Answers and objections—Speech of Hicks—Speech of Mononcue—His description of the judgment—Effect on the hearers—Closing interview of the Seneca and Wyandott chiefs—The author renews his acquaintance with Wiping-stick, a chief—Good effects of their visit upon the Senecas.

About July I visited some of the neighboring tribes, in company with Between-the-logs, Mononcue John Hicks, with Jonathan Pointer for interpreter. The rivers and creeks were very full, and, in the very outset, we had to swim our horses over the Sandusky river. We, ourselves, however, crossed in a canoe.

After we had caught our animals and adjusted our baggage, we set out, cheerfully conversing on the subject of religion. I was asked by Mononcue wherein the Presbyterians and Methodists differed in their views of religion. I told him the principal

difference was briefly this: The Methodists believe that all men may obtain religion, if they will seek it; and persevering, may be finally saved; but that if unfaithful after they have obtained religion, they will lose it, and perish for ever. The Presbyterians believe that none can experience religion but the elect, or those whom God has made for the purpose; and that when they have obtained religion they cannot lose it. "And what becomes of the rest?" said Hicks. "Why," said I, "they are left to perish—the devil gets them." "This cannot be right," said Between-the-logs. "God is too good a being to do so. Now," said he, "suppose I had two boys, and I take a tug and tie one of them fast, and say to the boys, 'If you will come with me, I will hunt and find you meat to keep you from starving.' This would be a useless offer to the one whom I had tied so fast that he could not go, while I left him to starve because he did not follow me. Would that be right?" "No," said Mononcue, "you would be a better father to take your tomahawk and kill him, than leave the poor fellow to starve. I dont believe a word of such doctrines," said he; "nor do I believe that a man cannot lose his religion. I feel that I can hardly keep it at all. It seems to me that I have to hold on all the time, or it will steal off and leave me. I know it is not true. I feel it every day. I must hold fast, or I am gone. It will not stay, except

by prayer. Quit this and it is gone. By this means we get it, and by this only we can keep it."

By this time we had reached Honey creek, near a small village of Mohawks, composed of the Brants and my old friend, John Vanmetre's family. This creek was very full, so as to overflow its banks, and there was no way of crossing, but to drive in our horses, and to wade to a large tree fallen across the main bed of the creek, over which the water poured like the breast of a mill dam. At length it was concluded that Between-the-logs, myself, and Jonathan, should take over the saddles and blankets on our shoulders, and try the water. We did so, but it was with great difficulty we could walk the log. Yet we got safe over, and then waded out to dry land, in order to dispose of our baggage. I then waded back to the edge of the creek to catch our horses. Hicks and Mononcue drove them in, and the water carried them down to some young sycamores that were near to the side we were on. There the four horses lodged on the bushes, and for sometime struggled to free themselves. At length a sapling gave way, and three of them swung off. But Mononcue's horse hung, and was in the very act of drowning, when Between-the-logs threw off his coat, and plunging into the stream, swam up and took hold of the bridle, and held his head out of the water, but could not release him. Then Pointer plunged in; and as he could not swim, he cautiously

caught hold of a young sycamore, and bent the bush down and let the horse swing off, when Between-the-logs swam back. By this time Hicks and Mononcue had arrived, and all were safe but Jonathan, who was still hanging on the young sycamore. To relieve him, we took off the strips of bark we had peeled to hobble our horses, tied them together, and made a rope. This we fastened to a stick, and threw it into the stream above him, which he caught. He then tied the bark around him, and Mononcue and myself towed him to the shore. So we all crossed without any material injury, and in a short time found ourselves housed with our friend Vanmetre. We were soon furnished with a good dish of venison, and some spicewood tea, with which we satisfied our craving appetites. We then sent out a runner to notify all the village to come to meeting that night.

In this meeting I led the way by asking the question, "*Wilt thou be made whole?*" I first pointed out the disease; secondly, the physician; and thirdly, the cure. The Lord was with us indeed. All the chiefs exhorted, and then we joined in a prayer meeting; and we have cause to believe one or two were "made whole." We had meeting next morning, formed a small class, and I appointed my friend, Vanmetre, to be their leader. I believe that he and his wife Susan, persevered until death.

We then set off for another Mohawk town. But

when we arrived, we found that they had all gone to the great Seneca feast. We now directed our course to Fort Ball, the residence of the sub-agent, J. Montgomery. Here we staid all night. On Sabbath morning we went to the Seneca council house. Here there were from fifty to one hundred Indians playing ball. Their shouts were truly terrifying. The three Wyandott chiefs, the agent, and myself, went up near the council house, and seated ourselves on a log, to wait an invitation to come in, for on such occasions they are very ceremonious. There we waited for two hours. This delay was occasioned by the absence of one of the principal chiefs. At length we heard the wished for invitation. When we went in, we found the chiefs all seated, with their head chief in the midst of them. We took our seat on the opposite side of the house. Soon the pipe of peace was lighted up, and sent by the chiefs to us, and we all smoked. When this was over, the chief woman brought a small kettle of hommony, and we all took a ladleful as it passed. Then their head chief arose and addressed us as follows:

"Brothers, we are thankful to the Great Spirit that he has appointed this day for us to meet again in this world; and we thank him that we are all in good health. We are happy to inform you that the Great Spirit has appointed four angels to take care of our nation; and that our old prophet (meaning

the far-famed Seneca prophet) does not forget to visit us once in awhile, and tell us what to do. He was seen by one of our young men the other day, and he told him we must hold our great feast for him, which we have done these last four days. Now, brothers, we are glad you have come again to see us, and to speak to us. We will hear what you have to say."

Between-the-logs then arose, and after returning his grateful acknowledgements to God for his mercies, said, "Dear brothers, we have long had a desire to see you, and to speak with you. But we have not had this opportunity until now. We thought that as our business was from the Lord, we would come on his day, appointed from the beginning of this world, on which to worship him. We expected to find you at your homes, or in some good employment, on this day of rest; but we were disappointed, for we found many of you playing ball. But we will now commence this meeting with singing and prayer." He then commenced singing a hymn in Wyandott, upon which many were so offended that they left the house; and when we knelt down to pray, some of them raised the Indian yell, and before he was done praying, few were left in the house, except the chiefs and women; but when he commenced his speech they returned. He spoke as follows: "Fathers and brethren, from you I came out, (for the father of Between-the-logs was

a Seneca;) and as children sometimes may find a valuable thing, and bring it and show it to their parents, that all may reap the benefit of it—so I have found a most valuable treasure, rich in a great many blessings, and blessings that you all need, and cannot get any where else. They are free, because they are as abundant as the water of your river. All may go and drink, and wash and swim, if they choose; and I thought that it was my duty to come and show you this rich treasure—I mean the religion of Jesus Christ. This religion is new to us, but it is not new in this world. It has been in progress many hundred years, and the Great Spirit has said it shall go into all nations before it shall stop. It differs from our old Indian religion: for it has power and strength in it, and it is like the cool spring water to the thirsty traveler. It makes him feel good all over. Especially it affects the heart, and settles it, and gives us a solid peace and comfort. It is strong—it helps the men and women to leave off all their wicked habits, and especially drunkenness. You know that our people, the Wyandotts, were almost all drunkards—men, women, and children. We were feasting, and dancing, and drinking, and killing one another. But since this religion has come amongst us, we are reformed. A great many of us now live soberly, attend meeting on the Sabbath, and pray in our families. Our children have become tame, and are

learning to read God's holy word; and promise to be useful men and women to our nation. Now you know that our old Indian religion could do nothing like this; for we all continued to get drunk, and persist in every evil practice. Every thing belonging to it was guess work; and all the revelation which we ever had, was made by some drunkard, whom nobody believed when he was sober. Such was the late revelation concerning the four angels to take care of your nation, and the appearance of your old Seneca prophet. This is all guess work, and is not to be trusted; for you and I both know that it is all in the dark. But the strength and truth of religion are to be found in its effects. Has your religion made you better men and women? Do you not feel that your minds are yet unsettled? And do you not fear that the Great Spirit is angry with you, and that he will punish you for your crimes? Now the religion of Jesus Christ takes all this away, and it makes good husbands, good wives, good children, and good neighbors. It can be felt in the mind as certainly and truly as cold or heat, health or pain, sorrow or joy; and it is the only religion that can do man good." He then exhorted them to lay hold of it now, for this was the best time. He here anticipated some of their objections, and one was: "That if God had intended them to be taught by that Book, he would have sent it to *them*, and learned them to read it. It

was sent," said he, "to all nations, and if they were a nation, they must be intended. Many of the white nations could not read it when it first came to them; and all men must learn to read it, for no man was born with that power. All the whites have to learn to read it to this day; and you can learn as well as they. Some of our children have already learned to read the good Book. Your children can also learn. Now they have the opportunity, and if they refuse, it will be their own fault. If they are now lost, it will be your own fault; for we have showed you this great treasure. Do not dash it from your lips and perish."

Next brother Hicks arose and said, "Brothers, I am this day confused and astonished. I think you ought to have treated us with more respect; for when you came to our town with your old prophet, we sat down and heard all you and he had to say with patience. Some of our people believed him, and joined him, thinking all he said was true; but it turned out to be a falsehood. We have now come, in our turn, to you, and brought our preacher with us. He is able to explain to you the religion of the good Book. All we have to say, is to ask for him the privilege to preach one time." This was not granted. However, through the whole course of these exercises, there was an unusual degree of levity, and some disorder, for an Indian assembly: such as I never saw before nor since.

Brother Mononcue now rose up, and with thunder hanging on his brow and countenance, with a commanding voice, ordered silence, and said, "When you meet to worship God and to hear from his word, shut up your mouths, and open your ears to hear what is said. You have been here several days and nights, worshiping your Indian god, who has no existence, only in your dark and beclouded minds. You have been burning your dogs and venison for him to smell. What kind of a god or spirit is he, that can be delighted with the smell of a burnt dog? Do you suppose the great God that spread out the heavens—that hung up the sun and moon, and all the stars to make light, and spread out this vast world of land and water, and filled it with men and beasts, and every thing that swims or flies, is pleased with the smell of your burnt dogs? I tell you to-day, that his great eye is on your hearts, and not on your fires, to see and smell what you are burning. Has your worshiping here these few days made you any better? Do you feel that you have gotten the victory over one evil? No! You have not taken the first step to do better, which is to keep this day holy. This day was appointed by God himself, a day of rest for all men, and a day on which men are to worship him with pure hearts, and to come before him, that he may examine their hearts, and cast out all their evil. This day is appointed for his ministers to preach to

us Jesus, and to teach our dark and cloudy minds, and to bring them to the light." He here spoke of the Savior, and his dying to redeem the world; that now life and salvation are freely offered to all that will forsake sin and turn to God. He adverted to the judgment day, and the awful consequences of being found in sin, and strangers to God. On this subject he was tremendously awful. He burst into tears: he caught the handkerchief from his head, and wiped them from his eyes. Many in the house sat as if they were petrified, while others wept in silence. Many of the females drew their blankets over their faces and wept. "Awful, awful day to the wicked!" said this thundering minister. "Your faces will look much blacker with your shame and guilt, than they do now with your paint." I have no doubt but God was with Mononcue on this occasion, and that many were convicted of sin and a judgment to come.

The head chief then said a few words.

Between-the-logs requested them to give us an answer on this great and important subject, but not now. Said he, "If you do give it now it will be a weak one. You ought to study it well, and think seriously. It is of great moment; and afterwards we will hear your answer."

The head chief then said, "We all speak one word—that is, we all believe in our old Indian religion. But we will hold a council on your words,

and call you again to this place, to hear our reply." All the chiefs then came, with many others, and shook hands with us; and our meeting for the present ended.

When we first entered the council house, I saw sitting among the chiefs a man with whom I had been acquainted twenty-five years before, at the first settling of the Scioto valley, in 1797. I told the interpreter that I could make him remember me by circumstances that he could not well have forgotten. My father and others had lost their horses, and he was employed to go with another man and myself to hunt them. We had not proceeded more than four miles until he was bit by a rattle-snake between the heel and ankle, his leggin not being tied down to his moccason. He immediately killed the snake, and then went a few steps and pulled up a weed resembling a flax stalk, only not so tall. He took the root, and chewed and swallowed some of it. The rest he applied to the wound. In a few minutes he became very sick, and began to vomit, and throw up something green and stringy, like poison. He then made the second application, and the third; and in an hour went on his journey without any difficulty. The bite did not swell more than if he had been stung by a wasp or bee. This herb has a yellow root, about the thickness of a darning needle. The stalk is single, about nine inches long, and its leaves resemble

those of the flax stalk. As soon as the interpreter told him the circumstance, he sat and looked at me for sometime, and at last came and shook hands with me, saying, "I now see in you the active boy, who was our companion in early life, all of which I well remember." He manifested great friendship for me.

After this meeting was over, we returned to the agent's house. Brother John Hicks said to me on the way, "I have come all this distance to see myself, or what I once was. I have seen it in these poor Senecas; and hate myself and my former life, worse than I ever did before. I am, however, much more determined to forsake sin, and hold fast to the religion of Jesus Christ and his Book."

Between-the-logs remained behind; and in the evening brought with him one of the chiefs, my old acquaintance, Wiping-stick. From that time until late at night, these chiefs taught him Christ and him crucified. I confirmed all they taught, from the Bible. This man appeared to be perfectly convinced of the truth, and said he believed it was truth; and left us, weeping and with a heavy heart.

Between-the-logs told us that after we left, a Seneca chief came to him and told him that the head chiefs had not told the truth. "For he said, the chiefs all speak one word, and believe in the Indian god and religion. I do not; and there are many others that do not believe it. We believe

what you say is true; and we want you to tell us more, that we may understand it."

Sometime after I got home, I received a letter from the agent, stating that Wiping-stick, the chief, believed in the Christian religion. He gave as his opinion, that if the Wyandott chiefs would repeat their visits, the Senecas would yield and embrace the Gospel.

We frequently visited the Delawares, on the Sandusky river, and labored with them. One of their chiefs, and some other individuals, embraced Christ and him crucified.

21 Northeastern R

28977

CATHOLIC THEOLOGICAL UNION
E99.H9F58 C001
SELECTED CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF TH

3 0311 00061 0951

WITHDRAWN

E
99
28977
.H9F58 Finley, James Bradley
AUTHOR
TITLE SELECTED CHAPTERS FROM
23,444

WHEN taking out this book, please write name and date on card and place card in CARD-DROP.

PLEASE see that this book is returned ON TIME: others may be waiting for it.

KINDLY refrain from defacing this book in any way, and also from leaving MARKERS of any kind between the pages.

3 0311 00061 0951